THE
COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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ON PROPAGANDA

AMONG the objections met by those who started this paper, the one that obtruded most frequently, and which was if not the most difficult perhaps the most tiresome to deal with, was this: "But you are propagandists! How then can you hope that people will respect, still less that they will adopt your opinions, since they know that you are committed in advance to certain definite views?"

The philosophy that seems to be vaguely expressed by these friendly but rather muddled critics is, that chaos is preferable to the cosmos, and that scepticism is not only the best instrument of the mind but also the mind's ultimate goal. Yet the very people who feel like this never really think like this, because whenever they express their thoughts, at least on particular subjects, if not on general propositions, they all bristle with fixed points, and tough, positive dogmas, personal dogmas, anyhow, or the dogmas of cults and schools. To be sure, these fixed points don't stay fixed very long; they change usually with every new gust of the wind of the time spirit; that wind which is a whirlwind, that spirit which is the spirit of confusion. The most violent and even fanatical propagandist is often the man who fights propaganda, the man to whom any criticism of a book, a play, a painting, is anathema if it seems to him to be based upon a positive spiritual or intellectual belief. When it seems to him to be based upon a moral belief, then he throws a fit. And this mood is his system; for this he carries on his unceasing propaganda.

Pessimists even who say they find life absolutely worthless, nevertheless toil like titans to spread the influence of their Nihilism. They are animated by a sort of perverse philanthropy, like a man who tries to give another something he thinks is bad for him because, after all, it may turn out to be good for him. In summing up his studies of the Philosophers of Disenchantment—Leopardi, Schopenhauer, von Hartmann—the late EDGAR SALTUS reached the conclusion that while life to merely stupid people may be said to be valuable, to "him that commiserates with all mankind, and sympathizes with everything that is, life never appears otherwise than as an immense and terrible affliction." And yet, in common with his masters in misery, Mr. SALTUS labored enormously, and apparently even with enjoyable gusto, to preach his gospel of ineluctable unhappiness.

Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS, that writer of beautiful

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DR. JAMES J. WALSH, the author of The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries, is at work on several important articles and reviews. The first appears next week.

ARTICLES by these writers will appear in the forthcoming numbers of THE COMMONWEAL.

COUNT BYRON KUHN DE PROROK has made several discoveries of capital importance while excavating the ruins of Carthage, the scene of great events in the history of civilization.

HILAIRE BELLOC, the "most versatile of modern authors" will contribute important articles to THE COMMONWEAL from time to time.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON, the writer of the essay in this number On Alliance With Rome, is preparing other brilliant studies for future issues.

JULES BOIS, in addition to his studies of the superconscious, will write on Anatole France for an early number.

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prose in which like amber he is now embalming his dead hopes and ideals, in the latest of a long series of personal essays tells us that it seems likely "that we and all the generations of our civilization will have disappeared in the pit," long before the (to him) really worth-while "state of mind of our Superior Persons" can be extended to all humanity. If we are to judge the state of mind of "Superior Persons" by the sort of self-elected specimens of the genus who are to be found all too plentifully today in our most "advanced" and "modern" intellectual circle, it is devoutly to be hoped that it will never extend to humanity in general —even if the result is to be extinction.

To our modern pessimists may be applied the trite but truthful saying, slightly amended: "Hope springs infernal in the human breast." For if all we have to hope for as the end of all hope is misery on earth and the pit of nothingness hereafter, truly hope itself must be the propaganda of hell. Yet even Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS hopes that after we, the failures, have been swept away as useless to the designs of nature, which is "certainly no more than we deserve," we should "depart smiling. There are others to come." When he weaves his dark despairs into impeccable prose, laboring valiantly to spread his philosophy that philosophy is in vain, what is this, but propaganda? What is this, but thinking from a fixed point?

The robustious, if at times a bit roistering, Mr. H. L. MENCKEN, who applies liberal doses of antiseptic commonsense to a large number of modern fads and follies, is an example of a writer who for a time seemed to share the morbid-mindedness of these unstable impressionists who propagandize against all forms of propaganda. In the editorial article which introduced the very interesting and valuable magazine of which he is one of the editors, the AMERICAN MERCURY, Mr. MENCKEN declared that above all things the magazine would not be "messianic." It would have nothing to do with making people better or saving them from their sins. And yet in every number of the AMERICAN MERCURY, as in his books and everything else, Mr. MENCKEN works like twenty-four anti-saloon league messiahs rolled into one in his efforts to save a few Americans at least from becoming one-hundred-per-centers, and to keep them from sinning the sins of stupidity and narrow-mindedness. Similar instances might be multiplied indefinitely. And so it always has been and doubtless so will it continue to be. To communicate to others that which we ourselves hold to be good, or hold to be true, is a law of the human mind.

This light has dawned upon Mr. MENCKEN himself In a recent number of his magazine he writes: "I cannot entirely agree with those critics who inveigh against propaganda in art and who maintain that propaganda, having no place in art, ruins art in its presence. Great art, they contend, proves nothing, should seek to prove nothing, may prove nothing. Many of the world's masterpieces confound such critics. Hamlet proves that it is futile for man to fight destiny, as Macbeth proves that evil thought and wrongdoing can profit no man. The Mikado is veiled propaganda against certain British weaknesses and peccadillos, as are also Iolanthe, Pinafore and The Pirates of Penzance. Wagner wrote Der Fliegende Hollander to prove that musical criticism as it was practised in Dresden at the time was ridiculous: the opera is propaganda against all standpat criticism. Beethoven's Ninth was composed to prove that his old teacher, Albrechtsberger, was something of a hanswurst. It proved it: it still proves it. Cervantes wrote Don Quixote, so he himself said, "to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry and to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry." There is social and political propaganda in Swift's Gulliver's Travels, as there are political plea and argument in Shaw's finest play, Caesar and Cleopatra. What is the wonderful ceiling in the Sistine Chapel but Michelangelo's successful attempt to prove that sculptural drawings may, in decoration, be the superior of paintings."

Mr. MENCKEN is right. His list of great works which were inspired by the unescapable urge of the creative, or the interpretative, mind to gain converts to its way of thinking, really includes all first class work—yes, and second class, third class, and lowest class work. Man has been defined (in one of those definitions which contain a gleam of the enormous mass of various truths that can be said about man and his mystery) as an animal who thinks. It sometimes is difficult to discover proofs of the latter part of the definition, but undoubtedly it can be said that whenever a man does think he tries to get others to think as he does.

Only a few ineffectual, pathetic survivals, completely out of date, remain of those once numerous and vociferous "art for art's sake" apostles who a few years ago so ardently carried on their propaganda against purpose in art. Vital artists know better. They know that without a purpose they lack force and miss their mark because the powder in their guns has no propelling power—all it can do is to emit a little flame and smoke—sometimes pretty, sometimes startling, but evanescent like firecrackers.

Propaganda is quite legitimate, then, so long as it is honest. If a man proclaims that his object is to destroy the state, and then proceeds to do his level best to accomplish his object, those who believe in the orthodox human belief that the state is essential to civilized man, can quite easily get the better of the first man and beat all his arguments. But if the propagandist lies about his ultimate purpose, or doesn't even know what it is, he will really be dangerous. And that's the long and short of it, about propaganda.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE completeness of the Republican—more correctly, of the COOLIDGE—victory, assuring that party a practically unhampered freedom of action in Congress, clears the political atmosphere of its cross-currents of blocs and obstructionist tactics. How exaggerated were the deftly manipulated fears of radicalism, even of treason, which made so many sensible people temporarily behave like panic-stricken mobs, is also revealed. The United States is shown to be a nation solidly conservative in its ideas of business, government, public affairs. All this places sole responsibility for the future prosperity, progress and peace of the country squarely upon the shoulders of the administration—the President, his cabinet, the Republican majority in Congress and their appointed officials. It is to be hoped that the record-breaking days of speculation in Wall Street immediately following the election is indicative simply of a great general revival of confidence, and of a turning with renewed energy to the tasks of production and distribution halted during the months of uncertainty preceding the election. Strongly is it to be desired that the speculative jamboree was not mainly caused by greed, by the rush to profiteer. Government is not first of all for the mere benefit of business men. Let business men prosper fairly under the protection of the government, by all means, but there are greater ends for a nation to seek than material prosperity. There are other and greater problems to be solved than that of the restoration of a good market for stocks and bonds.

MR. ERNEST BOYD'S and Mr. JOHN S. SUMNER'S debate in the Town Hall, last Saturday, on the subject of the censorship of printed matter, widely advertised as it was, drew only a handful of people, most of them obviously on Mr. Boyd's side of the argument. Only there wasn't an argument. There were three soliloquies by Mr. Boyd. There were three stump speeches by Mr. Sumner. Mr. Boyd's silky, Shavian beard muffled the soliloquies, even to the point where only muted murmurs were audible. Which was a pity, for Mr. BOYD was witty even when he was not wise. Mr. SUMNER'S speeches rang out reverberantly. He, like Mr. BOYD, was funny—only his fun was often produced like M. JOURDAIN'S prose, inadvertently. (It would not be opportune to repeat the best of his accidental jokes: which will soon be a classic in those circles where Rabelais is invoked.) But Mr. BOYD'S soliloquies and Mr. SUMNER'S speeches were as far from being a debate as their ideas were from agreement.

MR. BOYD represented the people who say that "obscene" cannot be defined, therefore you cannot have laws defining it, hence all police restrictions upon books, magazines, and newspapers cannot and should not be enforced. Mr. SUMNER, as secretary of the Anti-Vice Society, represented, of course, those who think that the moral health of society is being menaced by a flood of obscenity, and wish to stop the flood by legislative action. The public—the decent public—unwilling to muzzle sincere writers but distressed by the undoubted prevalence of smutty stuff, would be benefited by having the whole subject threshed out squarely and fairly. That was not done in the Town Hall affair. Mr. BOYD was superciliously disdainful of any view save his own extreme position. Mr. SUMNER was fanatical on the other side. It was a wasted effort.

MR. SUMNER, however, did touch reality when he called attention to the foul suggestiveness with which too many publishers, including some who make a loud outcry about the "artistic" reasons for publishing certain books, advertise their wares. There is a far cry between their proclaimed ideals and the actual practices by which they sell their stuff to readers not seeking "art" but salaciousness. These are the publishers who will really enable Mr. SUMNER to pass his clean books bill if they keep up such tricks.

IT WAS in Indiana, where most of the people are praised (no doubt justly) as home-loving, honest, industrious, patriotic native Americans, that the Ku Klux Klan achieved its most notable victory in the elections. The new Governor is an outspoken adherent of the fanatics—these western Mohammedans, with their tribal god, their intolerance for all who do

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not follow the teachings of the Kloran, as their sacred ritual is called. Indiana is celebrated for its American writers—RILEY, BOOTH TARKINGTON, MEREDITH NICHOLSON, come to mind. A very American state. By the way, a very American character (despite his first name) PATRICK HENRY, should go down in the black books of the Indiana Klan, because he referred to one Father GIBAULT, "as the priest to whom this country owes many thanks for his zeal and services." Father GIBAULT, says Judge LAW in his history of Indiana, is the man to whom, next to GEORGE ROGERS CLARK and VIGO, the United States is most indebted for the accession of Indiana.

BUT what the Catholic explorers and missionaries may have done for the benefit of Indiana is, of course, old stuff, of the long ago—and Klansmen are not strong on history. Wherefore, it seems to be the duty of THE COMMONWEAL to call the Klansmen's attention to a contemporary Catholic action in Indiana. Undoubtedly, it is an act of aggression. The Catholic Church has moved against the Klan in Indiana. It has decided upon forceful steps. Directly menaced by the rising tide against it in that state, it has ordered its strongest fighting battalion into the Indiana field. In fact, the field is already occupied. A little group of fighters are entrenched—a little group: but such fighters! Their fortification is a tiny house, where secluded, never going out, they are living the mysterious life of mystical prayer which, as led by ST. TERESA of Spain and other great women, has left its beneficent influence on all world history. They are Carmelite nuns.

ARMISTICE DAY found the world more advanced toward social stability and true peace than any other anniversary of that day of days, when the thunder of the guns ceased in Europe. Where the world stands today has been summarized excellently in a report of the American Fellowship group, under the auspices of a Fellowship for a Christian Social Order, made after a two months' study. One hundred men and women from all parts of the United States formed the committee, visiting England, France, Germany, and Switzerland. They say: First, that conditions on the whole are very much better than they were a year ago. Second, that the influence of the League of Nations has increased. Third, that the economic struggle between the classes in Europe is far more bitter and intense than in the United States. Fourth, that the international situation is still exceedingly dangerous. The acceptance of the Dawes plan has improved matters, but inflammable problems everywhere complicate the situation. Sixth, that the settling of the question of war guilt is far more important to the peace of the world than Americans generally recognize. That not Germany alone was guilty, but that excessive militarism and nationalism, economic imperialism, secret diplomacy, and the lack of proper international machinery to deal with sources of friction were the causes of the war, and involved all nations in responsibility—this is the view that presents itself more and more. THE COMMONWEAL takes this summary from the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, ARTHUR PREUSS, editor, considering it a just and probably accurate account. Armistice Day, in the calendar of Christendom, is the feast of ST. MARTIN of Tours. It is a day dedicated to remembrances and help of the poor. One of the prayers of the day recalls the fact that men and women "stand not by any strength of their own." If Armstice Day, 1924, brought the peoples of the world closer together in fellowship, in union for peace, in remembrance of the poor, then was it a day of great rejoicing.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

SOMETHING of the breath and the solitude of Nahant always enveloped Senator LODGE. Those familiar with the north shore of Massachusetts will recall that Nahant is almost an island, a thin strip of land jutting far out into the bay and reached only by a narrow causeway. It has an air of solitude and seclusion, almost of sadness. This was the home of Senator LODGE, a place where, as his friends know, he was more at ease than in the turmoil of politics.

Yet it would be a grave mistake in appraising him to believe that he was more of a scholar and recluse than a politician. Many a trained newspaper man, accompanying Mr. LODGE on his campaign tours of Massachusetts, had cause to marvel at his keen memory for men and places and local conditions. In the closing years of his life, his devoted secretaries did much to increase his seclusion from the harsher buffets of faction and opposition. Yet he managed in spite of this to remain thoroughly informed and acutely aware of the essential political movements and cross currents.

In another sense, too, he was primarily the politician. His faith in the destiny and soundness of his party was supreme. He lacked, for example, the amazing independence of Senator BORAH; yet he was fair minded enough to recognize in BORAH one of the best read and best informed men in the Senate. The contrast between the two men illuminates the character of each. BORAH, with the free generosity of the West, opposed WILSON, yet has not hesitated to commend him publicly as an American of splendid idealism. Senator LODGE, on the other hand, was implacably opposed to WILSON the President and WILSON the man. His party loyalty and personal antipathy completely obscured a more sympathetic insight. LODGE represented, and correctly, in the minds of most observers, the highest type of trained intelligence of Con-

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gress. He was never a crusader, rarely if ever impassioned, possessed of a caustic tongue and a certain supreme indifference to popular clamor. Men were apt to admire him whole heartedly or to dislike him intensely. He was not gifted with the art of general friendship. But he did have in all matters, even in his prejudices, a stern integrity which won him almost universal esteem. With HENRY CABOT LODGE'S death, there passes the symbol of a very high tradition in our national life.

PERSONAL PRIVACY

FEW specimens of recent federal legislation seem more ill-advised and mischievous than the law permitting public inspection of personal income tax payments. It is part and parcel of a general and growing tendency to create in this country a monumental bureaucracy with almost unlimited powers to invade personal privacy without any compensating public good. It should be appraised in this perspective.

In the first place, the present measure gives no true picture of relative incomes. The enormous aggregate of tax-free investments, and the deductible losses from sale of depreciated securities, make the mere statement of taxes paid no gauge of the real incomes of those with accumulated wealth. The salaried official or professional man, on the other hand, is made to appear in many cases as the wealthier man. In the second place, this law opens up astonishing vistas of abuse—the engaging activities of bond and insurance salesmen, the amiable assults of professional money raisers, the odious public comparison of professional earnings with its damaging effect on the younger and striving man, and, not least, the spirit of unreasoning envy which definite figures whip up with far greater fury than mere surmise.

It is now established business practice for a man's creditors, and particularly for his bank, to learn his exact financial status. The result has been healthy because the purpose was constructive and the information furnished was carefully withheld from those who had no interest at stake. Common decency ruled the entire operation. But the present federal law goes much farther. It supplies information to those who have no moral right to it. It tells only half the truth, furnishing not even a reliable basis for credit estimates. It sows the seed of envy between each man and his neighbor and gives to unscrupulous persons an unfair business advantage. If, as we once imagined and some few still believe, the Constitution safeguards life, liberty and property under due process of law, it is about time a further amendment were put afoot. We respectfully suggest calling it the Personal Privacy Amendment. It ought to be passed before its name becomes merely ironic.

GOVERNOR SMITH

A MAN of very simple tastes, unpretentious origin and downright honesty has been elected Governor of the State of New York, under circumstances which make the event one of national importance. There is probably less sham and pretence about ALFRED E. SMITH than about any man in public life. Everyone knows exactly what he thinks. His remarks are always informative. His life is open to public inspection. He is not the victim of a legend. Politically he is part of an organization whose methods have certainly not received unqualified praise in New York or elsewhere. Yet in the sweep of an overwhelming victory for the Republicans in New York, Mr. SMITH has once more been elected governor. What does this mean?

First of all, it is a tribute to the average American electorate. Taken in conjunction with the triumph of Mr. COOLIDGE, it establishes beyond question the fact that an honest, capable and simple man holds the easiest and surest road in American political life. Of these qualities simplicity seems to be the most important, because it carries with it the conviction of the other two.

Many honest and capable men have been political failures, but very few who have combined the three qualities have failed to achieve solid recognition. Simplicity disarms animus, and acts as an illuminated frame from which the other characteristics of the man shine forth. LINCOLN, CLEVELAND, COOLIDGE and SMITH make an excellent quartette of examples, if cases are still needed to prove the point.

In the second place, the reëlection of SMITH is a rebuke to the particular nature of the opposition which he encountered at the National Democratic Convention.

Had he been opposed as incompetent for so great a task as the Presidency, or because of known unpopularity throughout the country, or because of any local affiliation which had proved a serious handicap to him in the judgment of the New York voters themselves, no rebuke would have been timely nor would it have reflected any credit on Governor SMITH himself. But the opposition sprang from a matter quite extraneous to any personal quality of the man. This is common knowledge and demands no equivocation. He was opposed on a ground that would, if popularly accepted, automatically disqualify one-fifth of the male citizens of this country from ever aspiring to the Presidency, that would make the notion that every schoolboy is a possible President a huge and cruel jest. Because fair minded citizens of New York have resented and repudiated this ground of attack, there is now good reason to hope that henceforth a man's personal relation to his God and that alone, may not bar him from rendering the highest service to his country.

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ANATOMY AND THE AMBASSADOR

By JAMES J. WALSH

IN the current number of The Scientific Monthly, Don Gelasio Caetani, the Italian ambassador to the United States, has an extremely interesting article on The Myriad Minded Leonardo da Vinci, Forerunner of Modern Science—which shows very clearly that it is not alone the ambassadors of English-speaking countries that may aspire to literary heights. As he says very well in the introductory words to it—"It is generally believed that the Italians are eminently artistic, which is quite true, but it is even believed that they are principally and solely artistic, which is perfectly wrong."

He suggests that they are much more scientific than most people believe, which many of us acknowledge though perhaps we might not be quite so ready to accept the proposition that "the fundamental and characteristic trait of the Italian race is its aptitude toward scientific speculation and toward technical achievement." He even goes on to say that Italian artistic ability is essentially the fruit of their technical tendency.

There is no doubt at all that the Italians have made more wonderful contributions to science as well as art, than any other people. I ventured to suggest in an account of our indebtedness to the Italians, that after the debt that civilization owes to Italy is made up, there is so little left to owe to other nations as to be scarcely worth while talking about.

Leonardo da Vinci is one of the supreme geniuses of the world's history. I suppose there is practically universal agreement that his only serious rival in supreme universality of genius is that other eminently great Italian, Michelangelo—greatest of sculptors since the Greeks, greatest of architects perhaps in the world's history—supreme in decorative art as the Sistine Chapel shows, and who wrote sonnets that have only been equalled by Dante and Shakespeare. That Michelangelo was, in addition, a great practical, technical scientific genius, his erection of the dome of St. Peter's, without steel or steam, with nothing but a mule and an incline plane, is the best proof. These are only two world geniuses among the Italians, out of scores whose work the world will never willingly forget—in fact, can never forget.

The Italian ambassador's details and illustrations with regard to Leonardo's contributions to aviation are particularly interesting for our generation, above all here in America. They serve to make it very clear that the generation which came nearest to our own in solving the problems of air flight as regards both the aeroplane and the helicopter, was that wonderful group of men of the Renaissance in Italy who lived just about the time that that other great Italian, Columbus, was occupied with the thought of finding his way across the western ocean.

Leonardo not only theorized about aviation and made a series of toys that flew, and models (sketches of which have been preserved for us) which show that he anticipated many of the practical conclusions of modern science regarding heavier than air machines, but he even attempted practical experiments in flying. Jerome Cardan tells us that these were not successful, but the lack of ultimate success was apparently due to the fact that Leonardo had not the time nor the opportunity to devote himself further to the development of this idea. He was called away to do other things, for monarchs had come to recognize that if they wanted something done that was out of the regular order of things, they could call on Leonardo and he would do it.

Unfortunately the valuable article on Leonardo by the Italian ambassador is marred by the revamping of an old history lie. There is a very apt term, geschichtslüge, which the Germans have for these persistent contradictions of the truth of things as they are, that have somehow found their way into history, and which in spite of frequently recurring exposure maintain themselves there. The ambassador says that Leonardo was intensely interested in anatomy and made a large number of dissections. His sketches of these have been published during the present generation, and have made it very clear that next to Vesalius himself—the great father of anatomy who was a contemporary of Leonardo toward the end of the artist's life—the great Italian genius was undoubtedly the man who could have written a thoroughly scientific text book of human anatomy. There is a tradition that Leonardo proposed to write such a work, and most people would probably be rather inclined to think that at best Leonardo's anatomical knowledge would be superficial, both because of his place in history and his preoccupation with so many other interests. But, as a matter of fact, the thousands of sketches made by him make it very clear that even Vesalius himself did not know anatomy better than Leonardo da Vinci.

In discussing the source of Leonardo's anatomical knowledge, Don Caetani says that he "did not hesitate to defy the canons of the Church that threw the ban of excommunication on those who practised dissection of the human body." Had he followed his own Italian authorities on this subject the ambassador would never have made this egregious blunder. We owe more important developments in anatomy to the Italians than to men of all the other countries of Europe put together. Men of other nations who did supremely great work in anatomy, such men as Vesalius the Belgian, Harvey the Englishman, and Steno the Dane, went

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down to Italy and studied there for years in order to secure opportunities for original research in human anatomy such as were unobtainable elsewhere.

The Church was dominant in education throughout Italy and yet that was the home of the best anatomical teaching. At the time when, if we were to accept the Italian ambassador's expression, Leonardo had to defy the canons of the Church and the ban of excommunication for dissecting the human body, every important artist in Italy was making dissections and making them freely, and some of them dissected dozens of bodies. Leonardo himself probably dissected hundreds.

In his article on The History of Anatomy in The Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences, Professor Frank Baker of the Smithsonian Institute, enumerated Raphael, Michelangelo, Bandinelli, Pollajuolo, Verocchio and Donatello, as having studied anatomy by dissection and having left us a number of anatomical drawings. It would be very easy to add to this list of artist dissectors, for there was a tradition among the Italian artists that no one could properly represent the appearance of the human body either by painting or sculpture unless he knew what was beneath the skin of it.

In Leonardo's life time, just before and after the discovery of America, dissection for the development of anatomical science was being very freely practised in all the universities of Italy. All of these had charters from the Pope and most of them were under ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Not only was there not the slightest discouragement of dissection for scientific purposes, but it was the Church through the ecclesiastical authorities that actually secured the bodies of criminals and of paupers for this scientific purpose. How much this meant will perhaps be best understood from the fact that as late as the second quarter of the nineteenth century there was no legal provision either in England or the United States for the provision of the bodies of paupers for anatomical purposes. The consequence was that there were some fearful abuses in what was called "resurrectionism," and that lamentable set of incidents in Edinburgh through which the word "burking" came to be introduced into English to describe the process by which poor wayfarers of the night were taken in to supposed shelters and then smothered in their beds in order to obtain bodies for dissecting purposes—for which doctors (who presumably did not know the source of the bodies) were willing to pay very good prices.

When within a few years after Leonardo's death young Vesalius, a medical student at Louvain, wanted to secure opportunities for anatomical research, he found that it was impossible to secure them at his alma mater, so he went to Paris. There he was handicapped almost as much and, except for the bones from the catacombs (he had already studied bones at Louvain by stealing and dismembering the skeleton of a criminal hanged years before in chains) he could not secure the material for study. So he went down to Italy and spent twenty-five years there at his wonderful work in dissection. After having made many dissections he wrote his magnificent text book (beautifully illustrated, some of it perhaps by Titian, but surely by some of Titian's pupils) which is now one of the most precious treasures in medical bibliography.

Where then does the history lie about excommunication for the practice of dissection come from? The Lord only knows its origin, but it has been faithfully kept alive by religious controversialists. The English-speaking people who owe their ground work in anatomy to Linacre who studied in Italy and came back to England to introduce the practice of dissection there, have been particularly prone to declare that dissection was banned by the Church in Italy. Linacre toward the end of his life became a priest and was always a very faithful son of the Church and the friend of high ecclesiastics.

Over here in America, where popular disaffection over dissection has caused no less than five riots in different cities, some of them with fatal consequences in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Haven and St. Louis—many writers who know nothing at all about the subject have been only too ready to blame Italian and ecclesiastical intolerance of dissection which was entirely non-existent. There are more Italian names attached to organs of the body because Italians discovered them, than of all the other nations of the world put together. All of these Italian anatomists almost without exception were faithful Catholics. A very great anatomist who studied in Italy and who deserves to have his name mentioned beside that of Leonardo, because he also was a founder of geology and paleontology, was Nicholas Steno who became the Catholic bishop of Copenhagen in his native Denmark, after having been a professor of anatomy in the university there.

Our ambassador from Italy should not take English history of the Popes seriously, above all in their relations to science. It would be much better to consult Italian authorities. American writers on this subject have made themselves supremely ridiculous. President White's book on The Warfare Between Science and Theology is a huge joke in the light of what we now know about the real history of science, and especially of anatomy. He wrote to me toward the end of his life that he knew he had made many mistakes with regard to the history of anatomy, but felt he was too old to take up the task of correcting them.

Even Professor Huxley, usually so careful about his authority, was taken in by the current tradition of the English-speaking countries with regard to Church opposition to science. He was eminently fair-minded in the Galileo case and wrote from Italy to St. George Mivart that after looking into it carefully, he was inclined to think that the Pope and the cardinals had rather the better of it. In his address at Aberdeen as

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Lord Rector of the University, he paid his tribute to the universities of the Middle Ages (the time when Aberdeen was founded) by his declaration that "however imperfect and faulty, judged by modern lights, the work of these old universities may have been, it brought them face to face with all the leading aspects of the many-sided mind of man." And he went so far as to say—" I doubt if the curriculum of any modern university shows so clear and generous a comprehension of what is meant by culture as this old trivium and quadrivium (the seven liberal arts of the mediaeval universities) does."

It is all the more surprising then to have Huxley say in this same address that "the College of Cardinals has not distinguished itself in physics or physiology and no Pope has as yet set up public laboratories in the Vatican." It is easy to understand that most of his hearers at Aberdeen, as well as the readers of The Contemporary Review in which the address was published, responded to this sally of Professor Huxley with a good humored smile at the bare idea that cardinals ever should have interested themselves in physics or physiology, or that any Pope should ever have set up public laboratories in the Vatican. The very notion was a good joke. I am just as sure that a great many people in our time—indeed I venture to say most of those who are teaching the physical sciences in universities—would greet Huxley's sally with the same good humored smile. Yet it is quite literally true that Popes and cardinals have done distinguished work in physics and physiology, and that Popes have set up public laboratories in Rome, one of them in the Vatican.

In the beginnings of modern science there were just two laboratories, the astronomical observatory and the dissecting room. For centuries there has been a Vatican observatory—as there is today—except when for a while it was transferred to the Roman College. And an observatory is a public laboratory. There were dissecting rooms in Rome at the Roman university directly under the Popes early in the sixteenth century, at a time when President White and Ambassador Caetani would suggest that dissection was under the ban of papal excommunication. Some of the greatest Italian anatomists doing work in this papal university were at the same time papal physicians, close friends of the Popes. Such men as Colombo, who discovered the circulation of the blood in the lungs, Varolio after whom the pons Varolii in the brain is named, Cesalpino who described the circulation of the blood in the body long before Harvey, Eustachio after whom the tube is named, and many others who might be mentioned.

We are sorry that the ambassador from Italy has allowed his extremely interesting article with regard to Leonardo to be smirched by this excursion into the literature of religious controversy instead of science.

GOOSE ISLAND

By JAMES L. DWYER

I HAVE been reading Swann's Way (said my old friend) and marveling at that complete resurrection of the author's childhood. There are no gaps in Proust's memory, it seems. Even the most trivial impressions have remained with him, even the faintest sounds and odors. Of course, we all remember certain outstanding incidents of our early youth—incidents, as likely as not, connected with some tragedy or shock. I can remember breaking my arm at the age of three, although I recall nothing that happened before that nor for several years after. The dimly lit kitchen where I fell, the smell of cabbage boiling on the stove, the doctor's face, my own howls, and the reek of the anaesthetic—all are as clear to me now as if it were but yesterday—yet it was a great many years ago.

I wonder what Proust would have made of Goose Island, my own boyhood home. Perhaps he wouldn't have flourished there, or perhaps he would have produced something more like Huckleberry Finn, for the island boys led unguarded lives, to say the least.

It was an artificial island, a little point jutting into the Chicago river that had been cut off from the mainland by a drainage canal. The exodus from Ireland, after the famine, sent a stream of Irish into Chicago, and a good many of them settled wherever land was without landlords. Goose Island was available, so they invaded that unattractive waste and took squatters' possession of it. Peasants that they were, they brought with them many of the peasant customs of that island they had left. I remember the pipers, the noisy marriages, and the even noiser wakes. There was keening at the wakes, too. And there was drinking and carousing, and, occasionally, trouble with the police, or the "pace" (i. e. the peace) as we still called them. But for all that, the islanders were sober and industrious enough, tending their cattle and the flocks of snowy, waddling geese that gave the place its name. They were staunch upholders of the union as well, and when the call came in 'sixty-one, Goose Island sent its full share of volunteers.

I was fourteen when that little blaze, emerging from a De Koven street barn, grew until it destroyed the city. The island was untouched, and that night it was literally covered with thousands of refugees who stood watching their burning homes making the darkness as bright as day. A distillery on the opposite bank was partly destroyed, and afterwards I saw the looters rolling away huge casks, like so many beetles. Some

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of that particular loot found its way to the island, there to be stored in everything conceivable, from pitchers to milk cans. The casks, which held fifty-two gallons, were evidence; they were destroyed. . . .

You might think that the great fire is the most vivid and lasting impression of my life on Goose Island. But it isn't. There was Patrick Henry Starr. He was the Swann of my youth, if I may be allowed the analogy. Certainly, there was a dignity and quiet aloofness that characterized both. Though Starr, I imagine, was a much more commanding figure—young, good-looking, six feet tall with black hair, brown eyes, and a distinguished imperial. Twice a veteran, he had fought through the Civil war and had come back whole from that assault upon Canada which the Fenians attempted in 'sixty-eight. After his return from that second more or less glorious venture he was looked up to as a personage. Probably his good looks and personality had as much to do with it as anything else. The men felt his leadership, and women, of course, adored him.

So, when a boy was drowned in the river, and it was decided to fire a cannon to raise him to the surface, it was only natural that every one turned to Patrick Henry Starr. As a military man he would know how to take charge of the proceedings. And take charge he did: I shall never forget that day. The whole island was there to watch. Patrick Henry superintended the loading—black powder and pieces of old iron. The arrangements completed, he told us all to stand back. Then he folded his arms, stood stiff as a ramrod, and looked out over the water. I can see him now. He had donned full uniform for the event, the fullest he could find, and stood there a gaudy, glittering figure in gold, red, and blue. A sword hung at his side, its scabbard polished like a mirror. He had given the lanyard to an assistant, for generals do not fire cannons, and Patrick Henry Starr was this day Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon rolled into one. The assistant waited tremulously for the word. There was an ominous pause, a deathly stillness.

At last—"Ready!" said Patrick Henry. Another awful pause that seemed like a year, and then—"Fire!"

A terrific blast deafened us and a cloud of smoke shut out our sight. No one dared move. When the smoke cleared away, there was Patrick Henry Starr standing as before, immovable and glittering, gold lace and all, gazing out over the water. The assistant, somewhat dazed, still clutched the lanyard string—but the cannon was nowhere to be seen! We found it later in a clump of bushes a few yards away, where the force of the recoil had hurled it. That is, we found what was left of it, for the overload of powder had burst the muzzle! It was a miracle that no one was killed. Nor did the drowned lad appear, although next day he came up in the wake of a scow. Whereupon Patrick Henry claimed, and was given, all the credit for having "loosened" him.

Well, that was Patrick Henry Starr—and Goose Island. I lost sight of them both soon after that, and today I don't know whether the island still exists or not. Maybe there are factories there now, or an abattoir. Squatter sovereignty is no less precarious than any other, and even at the times I have just been speaking of, we were having our troubles. The railroad, for one thing. One day, I remember, the whole population—women, children, and all—lay on the tracks to stop the first train. The only result of that was to bring the "pace" down on us—the railroad came through. As it happened, Patrick Henry Starr was away at the time, and not a few of us felt that somehow his presence would have repelled the invader. But I doubt whether even Patrick Henry could have successfully fought that symbol of the machine age, even on Goose Island.

THE CALVERT SEAL

THE following description of the seal of The Calvert Associates has been kindly supplied by Mr. R. T. Nichol, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to whom we are indebted for the suggestions followed by the draftsman, Mr. Stanley J. Rowland, also of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"The society being named in honor of George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, and the event connecting him with America being his foundation of the Colony of Maryland—the first of the English colonies permitting liberty of conscience in matters religious; and the whole being undertaken with the personal consent and approval of the sovereign—King Charles I—the iconography followed almost as a matter of course.

"The seventeenth century ship, sailing, suggested a foundation overseas: Lord Baltimore's arms, his personal conduct of it; the Cross above all—the banner of Christian England for one thousand years—the red cross of St. George in a silver field—at once, the Christian and royal character of the undertaking; and the particular purport of it, and the sense of divine guidance in it—best indicated by the symbol of the Holy Ghost: a Dove emitting golden rays—accompanied by the motto from sacred Scripture: Ubi Spiritus Domini, Ibi Libertas—Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty! The date, 1632, is, of course, that of the actual issuing of the charter, which, Lord Baltimore having died in the meantime, was granted to Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore, his eldest son."

It might, perhaps, be added to Mr. Nichol's brief description of the iconography of our seal, that the two ships that brought the English Catholic pilgrims to America were named, most appropriately, the Ark and the Dove.

The Maryland Pilgrims landed from these vessels on St. Clement's Island, the Potomac River, on the twenty-fifth of March, 1634, the event marking nothing less than the turning point in the religious history, not only of America, but of the world.

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DR. DAWSON'S MYSTERY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THIS morning, being Sunday, I went to Mass. My parish church (dedicated to that obscure Saint, Anastasia) is in a Long Island suburb, but still within the limits of New York City. In my suburb there is an Episcopal church, the oldest on Long Island. There is a Community church for members of other Protestant bodies. Catholics are in a minority. Now and then we hear vague rumors that there is a trace of K. K. K. sentiment in the community, but, as a matter of fact, Catholics and others get on very well together, as they should.

Later in the day, as I smoked on my verandah overlooking the waters of the Sound, and read the papers, and glanced through accumulated magazines, my thoughts were taken back to the morning's Mass with a rather unusual vividness of interest. Like most lay Catholics (or so, at least, I suppose) once Mass is over for the day I am not accustomed to think about it very much till I go again. But this morning, I read the very interesting essay in the Century Magazine by the Rev. Dr. William J. Dawson, a distinguished Congregational pastor and author, who also had been going to Mass.

Religion belongs to the mysteries, and its essential principle is a belief in and reverence for things unseen. This statement is the point of departure for Dr. Dawson's essay. He then endeavors to show that the modern Church (by which, no doubt, he must mean the various Protestant bodies) is in grave danger of vulgarizing religion when it tries to rationalize its "mysteries." Mankind, he declares, is separated, in religion, by the cleavage between the materialist and the spiritualist—"between the man for whom things unseen are the sole realities and the man for whom things unseen have a sublime authenticity." He makes the point that religion is deprived of its finer essences when reduced to severely logical terms. "Separated from its mystery," says Dr. Dawson, "its secret and compelling charm is lost, and the result is what I have called the vulgarization of religion." He goes on to say that years ago he would have written differently, but now his thinking is profoundly affected by the present "general decay of reverence, the disintegration of the spirit of awe, and the need for recovering this spirit." It now seems to him much more essential to restore a profound reverence for religious ideals than to organize the church for popular success by business methods.

"In this respect," says Dr. Dawson, "the Roman Catholic Church is perfectly right when its presents to the people the mystery of the mass, with no attempt whatever to explain it. It says, 'Here is something that lies beyond reason; take it or leave it; accept it as something inexplicable, dimly seen through sacred symbols, but don't ask any logical explanations.' And the power of this appeal is witnessed by the fact that to multitudes of Christians the Mass, which they do not understand or presume to understand is the living core of their religion. They submit themselves to the charm of mystery, which draws them out of the world of fact into a world of faith. During Advent, I often attended mass at St. Patrick's in New York, and always with a sense of astonishment. Here were hundreds of persons of all ranks of society bowed in impressive silence. There was no music, no exhortation; nothing, in fact, but a lighted altar at the end of the long nave, before which the celebrating priest bowed, murmuring ancient Latin words, which the distance alone made unintelligible. Yet it was evident that the worshippers were profoundly moved. What moved them? A sense of profound awe in the presence of what to them was a divine mystery."

Further on, Dr. Dawson, after relating another extremely interesting personal experience, this time at a Quakers' silent prayer meeting, says that he is "not contending that either in the service of the Mass or of a Quakers' meeting is to be found the sole expression of the spirit of religion, but I am pointing out that both are expression of man's awe in the presence of the invisible. And I further think that the chief end of any service which calls itself religious is to produce this emotion. If worship does not create the sense of the presence of God, if it does not withdraw the spirit from a materialstic world into contact with a spiritual world, and, for a time at least, make that spiritual world more real than the visible world, it fails altogether of its true object."

As a layman, it is not my place to argue on whether or not Dr. Dawson is theologically correct in saying that the chief end of any service which calls itself religious is to produce emotion—even emotion so salutary as "awe in the presence of the invisible." As a Catholic layman, I believe what my Church teaches to be the chief end of religion—namely, that it is to bind man to God. A religious service must conduce to that end to be truly religious. A service which only goes so far as to arouse the "emotion of awe in the presence of the invisible" may or may not conduce to religion's chief end. Certainly, emotion that does not lead to salvific action hardly seems worthy of being placed as the chief end of religious "services." But, I repeat, it is not my present purpose (nor am I qualified) to discuss Dr. Dawson's theological definitions.

What he had to say about the Mass led me to ask myself what it meant to me, a Catholic layman; and what it probably meant to other laymen. Whether

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Dr. Dawson is right or wrong in thinking that its chief effect on believing Catholics is to arouse in them the emotion of awe in the presence of the invisible, he unquestionably is correct in calling it the living core of our religion. Furthermore, if it is that, it must profoundly affect us, not only individually, but corporately. Hence, also, it must affect others, our neighbors our fellow citizens. Our thinking, our actions, ideas, ideals, habits and customs, must necessarily be vitally influenced by something so important as the "livng core" of a religion followed by some 20,000,000 Americans, of all sorts and conditions: rich and poor, good and bad, educated and ignorant, leaders and the led. As Augustine Birrell says somewhere, "It is the Mass that matters," and it matters to all, not only to Catholics.

Quite apart from its purely spiritual meanings, the Mass is certainly the central action of the Catholic Church, indispensable to the continuity and the very existence of that church. At a time like the present, when religion has ceased to be tabooed as a subject for discussion in current literature, and when every aspect of it is exciting wide-spread and earnest attention, what the Mass means to the Catholic layman should be interesting and important to those who are not Catholics.

Returning to Dr. Dawson's essay, I find that he received his impressions of the Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York. Not long ago, I read some other interesting impressions of the Mass, considered symbolically, and as a work of art, by Mr. Stark Young, who had been going to Mass, it seems, in Italy. I also read an article in the Freeman on the Mass considered as the "Grand Opera of the Poor." Indeed, when I find others than Catholics writing or speaking favorably of their impressions of the Mass, I usually find that they have gone to Mass in some impressively beautiful church like St. Patrick's, or in some interesting foreign church in Italy or France.

People who would shudderingly avoid the Mass if it meant plunging into the midst of the dense congregations that three or four times on Sunday pack all the plentiful city churches (most of which are far indeed from possessing the beauty of the Cathedral) will wax eloquently emotional in their appreciation of the mystery or the beauty of the Mass when they go to St. Patrick's, or Chartres, or Amiens, or Seville. But, to Catholics, who willy-nilly *must* go to Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of "obligation," unless they are sick or travelling—and most of whom must go to churches devoid of any piercing or even ordinary aesthetic appeal, and who, nevertheless, wherever they go, are found as Dr. Dawson found them in St. Patrick's, "bowed in impressive silence [before] a lighted altar," the Mass is something quite other than merely something that stirs their emotions.

I do not think, with Dr. Dawson, that they "are profoundly moved" by "a sense of awe in the presence of the invisible." In the church when Mass is not being said, or when it is, they are bowed before the Presence of God. Dr. Dawson would find them bowed in impressive silence in the stately aisles of the Cathedral or in the dingy little parish church, not only during Mass, but at all times of the day—simply because to Catholics the Church in which the lamp burns before the sanctuary is the House of God, in which, in the Blessed Sacrament, Christ is ever corporally present. When Mass is offered, then Christ renews the sacrifice of Calvary—and renews the Last Supper, the giving of His Body and His Blood for the benefit of all human beings.

This is the Catholic belief. Its expression indeed may and often does (but more often, I think, does not) include the "emotion of awe in the presence of the invisible;" but if this were all that Catholics meant or got by going to Mass, I am sure it would soon cease to be what Dr. Dawson so truly calls it—namely, "the living core of their religion." It is indeed the core—it is also the cord, for it binds. It is a force; it is an action; it is real.

As I remember the Mass this morning in my portable, rather tawdry, parish church, I recall other Masses I have attended. I remember serving a Mass, kneeling behind the priest on a stone that covered the tomb of Fray Junipero Serra, in a California mission church, the boom of the surf on the shore near by, the crying of sea-birds coming in through the open door. I recall the Coronation Mass of Pope Pius XI in St. Peter's, with trumpets blaring from Michelangelo's dome, and the Royal Guard saluting the Host with upraised, naked swords, and 50,000 people, princes and cardinals and beggars and tramps, all sorts and conditions of mankind, kneeling about the altar. I recall a Mass said in a cabin of a steamship passing through the Gulf of Mexico, a Mass said for the soul of my father, who somewhere in those waters had been buried many years ago. I recall a Mass said in a tin chapel in a Haitian jungle, half naked negroes the sole congregation save for myself. And I think of the more than 20,000 Masses said every day in the year in the United States (and the million or so said every day throughout the world) in great basilicas or cathedrals, little chapels in prisons, hospitals, convents, asylums for the aged, the destitute, the orphans, the incurable cancer victims, or the seminaries training the priests who tomorrow will take up the same great work, the unending and never-to-be-ended Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which now for nearly 2,000 years has at once commemorated and maintained and continued the greatest event in the history of man: the Incarnation, and Life, and Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. And I know that for Catholics, whether a Mass be offered up amid the pomp of a coronation in St. Peter's, or in a hut in the jungle, before one person, or a multitude, it is the same—it is in all essentials identical.

Even as a layman, therefore, I think I may take the most respectful exception to what the sympathetic Dr.

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Dawson says when he writes that the Church declares to Her children concerning the mystery of the Mass ("with no attempt whatever to explain it") "here is something that lies beyond reason; take it or leave it; accept it as something inexplicable, dimly seen through sacred symbols, but don't ask any logical explanations." It is true indeed that the central mystery of the Mass can not be fully explained to mortal reason, but the "mystery" of the Mass, to Catholics, is far from being merely the vague, emotion-stirring thing that "mystery" seems to mean to others. Mystery, to a Catholic, in its religious sense, is not synonymous with the merely incomprehensible. All that we know is incomprehensible as to its inner being. Nor is it synonymous with the unknowable. Many things are unknowable, yet strictly natural, because of their inaccessibility to us—like the centre of the earth, or in a lesser way, and perhaps only temporarily, the summit of Mt. Everest. But to a Catholic a religious mystery is a supernatural truth, "one that of its very nature lies above the finite intelligence."

The Mass is such a mystery. But the Church never wearies of expounding that mystery, and leading its children nearer and nearer to its fuller (if never complete) comprehension. How is this comprehension to be attained? The words of the prayer said as the water and the wine are mixed in the Chalice best answers this: "O God, who in creating human nature, didst marvelously ennoble it, and hast still more marvelously renewed it, grant that, by the mystery of this water and wine, we may be made partakers of His divinity who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord."

And equally for the little children preparing for their first communion, and their elders, the Church continuously and in a thousand ways tries to instruct and illumine human reason as to the meaning, and the mission, of the mystery of the Mass. But, still granting the final and ineluctable incomprehensibility of the Mass, there are still so many other vital ways in which it carries on the work of religion, in addition to exciting the "emotion of awe in the presence of the invisible," that a Catholic, even a mere layman (one who is far from being well instructed in the Mass) can think of a score of good reasons for the fact that it is, as Dr. Dawson tells us, the "living core of their religion."

For example: The unchanging yet living organism of the Mass holds the faithful of all ages, all races, nations, classes, kinds, together as participants in, and not merely as beholders of, a great ritual Act expressing beliefs and customs and habits of a religion common to them all—universal, super-national, indestructible. And if it does this in a religious sense, it also does it in a social, cultural sense—it provides a centre of unity for a civilization. It is Order and Law, and Authority, and Discipline, and, to each individual, it is also a personal communication with the love of God.

Again, when the Priest stands before the altar, but yet afar off, as Mass begins, the Catholic everywhere throughout the world joins in a drama more vital than any other because priest and audience alike are actors, and what they act is not only representation and interpretation, but it also is part of that which is signified—it is the actual continuation of the sacrifice of Christ—the work of Atonement.

The Catholic knows too that there is nothing, not even the very least of all the ceremonial observances and customs, which is idle, or insignificant. They express some high truth, secure or embody some great principle, or symbolize some sacred mystery. They are full also of the suggestions and memories of history. The garments, the utensils, some of the ceremonies, link us of today with the pagan and pre-Christian search after God, with the Greeks, the Romans, the Synagogue. They recall the catacombs, and the persecutions through all the centuries. The very color of the robe worn by the priest carries its lessons, its particular and its general message—green, the prevailing color of nature, used on Sundays on which no particular festival occurs; white, emblematic of purity, used on all feasts of Our Lord, except those relating to His Passion, to those of His Mother, and of the saints not martyrs, and on festivals of the Blessed Sacrament. Red, the color of blood, is proper to all martyrs' days; also, as the hue of fire, it is worn in Pentecost, to denote the tongues of flame that descended on the Apostles. Purple, the color of mourning, for Advent and Lent, the penitential seasons; and black, on Good Friday and in all Masses for the dead. And as the colors change, so also the prayers of the Mass, and the Gospel passages, and the great poems which run through the liturgy, all save the unvarying Canon, change as the year of the Church passes through its marvelous pageant, drama, chronicle, and action.

This, it seems to me, in most general terms, is what the Mass means to the Catholic. He may or may not be seized by the emotion of awe—but he believes that in the Mass he is in the presence of the Founder of Christianity—that he is taking part in the action decreed by that Founder for the securing of happiness and peace and joy for mankind—that this action is the living core not only of spiritual life on earth but the core also of Christian civilization, its effects being for all mankind, not only for the professed Catholic. Believing this—and hundreds of millions of men and women believe it—the Catholic has gone to Mass for nearly 2,000 years, and will continue to go until time is no more and the mystery of the Mass is revealed in the light and love and life of eternity.

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THE COLLECTED YEATS

By THOMAS WALSH

THE very exquisite lyric poet, William Butler Yeats, acknowledges the passing years with a collected and complete edition of his poems, essays and plays,[1] and we of his own generation, who remember the first thrill of his lovely songs, realize the arrival of middle-age and the passing of a contemporary idol to the shelves of the standard authors.

Those of us who are of Irish race or tradition must look back gratefully to Yeats's service to his nation and his race. The world of fashion had sighed in the drawing-rooms of London and New York over the sentimental songs of Thomas Moore, that strange exile from Erin, whose books of controversy, as well as the pursuits of his life, so strangely belied his personal habits and his national and religious tenets. Letters in a purer form had given homage to James Clarence Mangan, another strange outlander in the bookish world; but it remained for William Butler Yeats, coming fortunately at a period of decline after the Tennysons, Brownings and Swinburnes, to prove to the literary English-speaking world, that poetry was still alive, that there were chords to the poetical lyre yet unstrung and that in ancient Ireland we might find springs of eternal youth and holiness yet properly unacknowledged by the world.

Yeats made Ireland fashionable; the studios took over the misty shadows, the overtones and overlights of Celtic imagery out of Lady Gregory's decorative treatment of the Celtic sagas; the pale greys and ashen blues of northern hills and skies became the ordinary tones of our drawing-rooms and book covers—the dreamy lads and lassies of Tirnanog took the places once adorned by the Fatimas and Childe Harolds and their bulbuls in an earlier generation.

For poetry at large it was a moment of renovation. In France literature moves in schools—schools of classicists, romanticists, Parnassians and symbolists in the rank and file of the fishpools; but never before in English had we seen a volte-face comparable to that accomplished by Yeats and the small band of his followers of the Celtic school.

It was a school of delicate tones and muffled music, where the figures (even in Yeats's later plays) moved in the half light of the moon at daybreak. A mythology intangible, unmoral, incomplete and quite at the irresponsible taste of the author: a rhythm of plunking to a loose string that was preferred to formed music, a sigh instead of a tragic sob, something so shimmery and cobwebby that its endurance could hardly be postulated. It was, in fact, a leaven—a new chord of poetry rather than the new poetry its followers claimed. It became an affectation overnight and caused the inanition and destruction of many poets just as it had given a moment of life to some others.

Yeats came to dogmatize in a strange, cloudy, unconvincing manner; his criticism, his Ideas of Good and Evil and other essays, reveal the lack of positive construction, the lack of solid foundation that have characterized all his plays and weakened his longer lyrics. Even to the pieces of action taken from Gaelic legend, he has added nothing of stability, nothing more than the charming elusive personal mist that seemed to make his fancies pantheistic, principally because it was impossible to detect their definite limitations.

We owe a debt to Yeats for his lovely incorporations of Celtic legend into the acknowledged body of English letters; for an exquisite technical sense and practice, for the impressionism of his expression and the decorative quality of his mise-en-scène. He is really a very great artist, as distinguished from the claims of an original poet; he has an unusual sense of the kinship of the graphic and the literary arts and is original and delicate in his application of color, as were the impressionistic masters in the natural scenes they strove to paint.

It would be unwise for younger writers to follow Yeats's style, or Swinburne's style or Whitman's style. All are great artists or geniuses, if you wish, expressing themselves in their own way. In France, Anatole France has just finished a career of personal expressionism equally dangerous, if not impossible, to duplicate. Yeats is a personality as valuable to art as he has been to the vindication of Irish letters; we owe him many thanks, but little veneration.

Already the Celtic school has followed the snows of yester-year, and we may now question how much we have profited by its contribution to our taste and literary method. In art, Augustus John and his northern confrères have been overwhelmed by the delirium from Russia; the tom-toms of Cuba and Tin Pan Alley have drowned out the modulated proses and the perfume symphonies of Dublin and Paris.

Envisaging the free verse of today, the creation for the most part of young authors whose title and possession of the English language are hardly yet in fee-simple, we may be excused for turning a wistful gaze upon our old volumes of Blair on the Sublime and the unities of a vanished Brunetière. Will the recent graduate take pity on our middle-age? Will the wise young critics of our press kindly temper the wind?

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[1] *Later Poems, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company, $2.50.*
Plays in Prose and Verse, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company, $2.50.
Plays and Controversies, by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company, $2.50.

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LIFTING THE VEIL OF TANIT

By BYRON KUHN DE PROROK

THE site of ancient Carthage is one of the most beautiful in the world. The ruins of the city of Queen Dido, Hannibal, St. Louis of France, and other giants of history stands on a peninsula sixteen miles north of the city of Tunis, in French North Africa. It is surrounded by a panorama of natural beauty equal in interest to the great history that is attached to this rocky promontory.

A hundred years ago, the site of the city that once challenged the supremacy of the world with Rome was unknown, so completely had Cato's "Delenda est Carthago" been consummated. But a city that had a million inhabitants and lasted over fifteen centuries, with a surface of twenty-four square miles, could not entirely disappear even under the destructive forces of the Roman conquerors.

Excavations have been carried on spasmodically for forty years, but barring the Punic tombs discovered by Father Delattre, only one solitary Punic ruin has been found. This is being excavated at the present moment and each day is throwing new light on the art and religion of a lost empire. Perhaps as last we shall know a little of the history of Carthage from the Punic side—not the Roman—from this temple dedicated to the goddess Tanit.

St. Louis

The ruins of the first Carthage are still beneath the surface of the other layers of different civilizations. In one portion of the excavation seven stratas of different periods of man have been uncovered—seven cities one above the other. Ancient Arab Carthage has given up some beautiful examples of glazed pottery. The crusade of St. Louis of France in 1370 left some interesting coins. The Byzantines, who had an empire there for over a hundred years, have also left traces of their dominion—a church, several houses, fortifications, and débris of all sorts. The Vandals destroyed more than they left, and though coins, armor, and tombs of the Vandal period exist, yet the greatest number of ruins and remains are those of their predecessors, the Romans and early Christians. The aqueduct, the theatre, the odeon and vast cisterns have been partly uncovered, but the wonders of Carthage visible today are the early Christian basilicas that have been found by Father Delattre, the great French scientist and North African explorer.

It is due to him also that at Carthage there is one of the finest, though least known museums, in the world—filled with treasures of many empires and peoples who have disappeared in the twilight of the ages.

The Carthaginians were a great commercial people —their ships are known to have traded thousands of miles from their city. Being a Phoenician people, brought thither, legend says, by Queen Dido in 850 B.C., they knew how to use their Semitic qualities to make Carthage the richest city of antiquity.

The Phoenicians were the first people to invent an alphabet and it is recorded that centuries before Christ the Carthaginians made use of paper money. Carthage was the first city to use paving stones, and the historians speak of its houses being seven stories high. Such edifices must have left foundations, and it is our hope to find traces of the roads and forum of Punic Carthage this winter. Another site that is still an unsolved mystery is the position of the ancient ports.

The fleets of Carthage once nearly conquered the civilized world. Hanno, in the fifth century B.C., explored the west coast of Africa and brought back "gorillas," a Punic name that has since remained. Galleys reached Britain and the Baltic—some think the Carthaginians even reached America. For several hundred years the Punic wars caused misery and havoc in all lands bordering the Mediterranean Sea, and the vast fleets and armies that waged them sailed from the ports of Carthage. That is why we are starting extensive excavations to locate these harbors.

From the ancient historians, Appian, Polybius and Pliny, we know that these ports were among the wonders of the ancient world. They were two in number.

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The military port was circular, with the admiral's palace in the centre on a small island, and the commercial port that connected with the military port was quadrilateral. A splendid circular array of giant columns surrounded the military port, between which the galleys were hauled up. From the admiral's palace all the operations of the two great ports could be seen and the fleets were manoeuvered and directed from one point. A channel led to the sea and this was guarded at night with a mighty chain. Our efforts this winter will be centred on locating the quays and in digging shafts into the ground in search of the forum or "agora" that we know from historians was adjacent to the ports. It is in this quarter that we are excavating the Temple of Tanit, recently discovered. This is the first clue to Punic Carthage and it is producing great results. Already several hundred inscriptions, votive altars, and painted vases in thousands have been recovered.

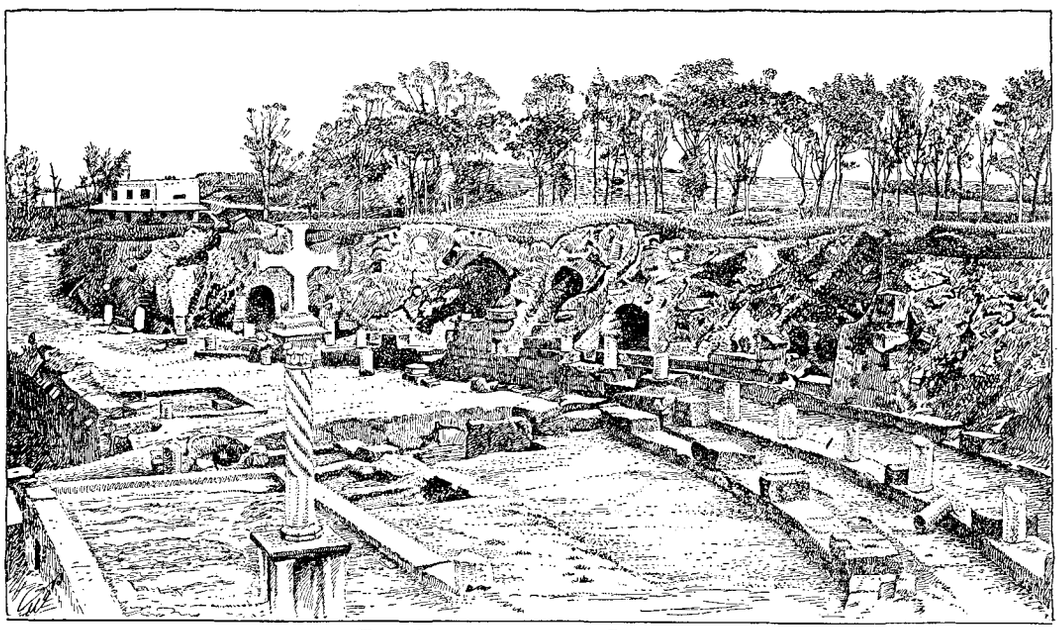
Many scientists and students have come to work on this important clue to a lost civilization. Abbé Chabot of the French Institute undertook the deciphering of the Punic inscriptions. Mr. Icard and Mr. Groseille of Tunis made the plans and drawings. Mr. Harden of the University of Cambridge did the cataloguing, and Mr. Barière of the New York Times, the photography. The excavations were supervised by the director of the Government Services, by Mr. Duff of Oxford University, and myself. To give one an idea of what a large staff is needed for scientific and careful work in a single excavation, consider that all the earth removed has to be sieved—often by hand—a slow and patient process, but one that pays in the end. Coins, jewels, cameos, amulets, beads, etc., have been recovered in quantities; five thousand coins have been dug up in six weeks; every inch of the site producing relics of many civilizations.

The great depth of the excavations is one of the problems and sometimes tons of earth have to be carried to the sea to avoid dumping it on a spot that may conceal other archaeological treasures. The earth deposit in Carthage has been calculated, in the hollows between the hills, as being as much as one yard a century! This means digging down twenty yards to get to the city that Scipio destroyed in 140 B.C.

The great romance of excavation lies not only in the objects and monuments of lost civilizations that one may find, but also in the revealing of new historic dates and links between different races. For instance, near the rock bottom of the temple of Tanit, which means the oldest period, we have found traces of a great Egyptian influence, and the problem that now presents itself is, were the people of the Pharoahs here before Dido and her Phoenicians? By the complete excavation now begun, we may prove this and add a new page to history, incidentally abolishing the legend that Dido founded Carthage and extending the history of the city some several centuries.

We are also excavating an early Christian chapel filled with early Christian sculpture, inscriptions, and statuettes. These statuettes are of great importance, for Father Delattre claims they are the oldest known replicas of the Virgin Mary.

I have just briefly illustrated the great general importance of this undertaking and a little of the romance and beauty of this dead city, whose silent desolate shores are lapped by the waves of the ancient Mediterranean Sea. We hope that students and pilgrims of antiquity will take an interest in the expedition now being planned and that America will join France in a scientific alliance to resurrect from its dust of ages the city of Hannibal and St. Augustine, and bring back to all lovers of art, history and religion the romance of this, once the fourth city of antiquity.



THE AMPHITHEATRE OF CARTHAGE

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MUSSOLINI AND THE LAW

By L. J. S. WOOD

(The present Italian crisis gives a special interest to the study of Mussolini and Fascism, in two articles, written by Mr. L. J. S. Wood, who has resided in Rome for many years and whose articles in The Tablet, The Atlantic Monthly and other periodicals have made him widely known as a thoughtful and exceptionally well-informed commentator on Italian affairs.)

THE Italian political situation has been at a deadlock for some time. There are signs of an approach to a solution, but the fundamental reason for the deadlock divergence remains. More time, the gradual prevalence of common sense and patriotism over prejudice, will be required before anything approaching the ideal is reached—the ideal of an Italy run by all good Italians, uniting wholeheartedly and unselfishly, with no thought for anything but Italy.

The facts leading up to the divergence and the deadlock are: Italy after the Armistice drifted into a mess; in 1921 it seemed to be sinking into the mud, powerless to help itself. By October, 1922, Fascism had pulled it out; Fascism then called for the loyal and unreserved support of all good Italians to clean things up and establish and stabilize new conditions founded on law and order, discipline, work and a new spirit. A number of people refused to give fully loyal and unreserved support. Fascism then set its back against the wall: "Even if you will not help me I am going on; I desire and ask every good Italian to be with me, but those who will not come and work with me I must look upon as against me."

Shorn of all contingent circumstances, that is a fair, not unduly pro-Fascist summary of the Fascist attitude and claim. For the case on the other side, shorn of contingent circumstances of political preconceptions, prejudice and spite, anger at the loss of privileged positions, there is still a good deal to be said. Unconstitutionalism is alleged, illegalism—the failure of Fascism, constitutionally established in authority, to put an end to the violent methods of the "revolutionary" period. Up to now defective human nature on each side has not been able to bring itself to reason out what there is of justice in the opposing arguments, to meet on what there is of common ground and work together. For two years defective human nature has been digging itself in deeper in its own view, playing moreover, into the hands of the extremists—the ultra violent on the Fascist side, the extreme Socialists and Communists among the opposition who have no desire at all for "normalization," who live by disorder.

It is, of course, with these extremists that the fault lies. They are the curse of life today—today particularly after the passion aroused by the great war. All over the world they will be a curse until men of good will unite to tread under foot if necessary—as if only united they well could do—the extremists of the mens insana, whether they be extremists in mere selfishness, or so-called patriotism, or so-called internationalism, or accursed lust of violence.

Here we have an opposition to Fascism and Mussolini, some of whom in quite good faith distrust the methods by which Fascism came to power—methods which, in actual fact, were forced on it by the revolutionary violence which government after government had failed to check, and which had to be killed somehow. These quite justly complain that even with Fascism constitutionally in power, there are parts of the country where these methods still continue. After two years of Fascist rule conditions are not normal, politically or socially. A second part of the opposition just resents losing the privileged positions—let us say frankly, graft—it used to enjoy. A third part constitutes the extremists, the disorder seekers.

Mussolini and the best of his men are sincerely desirous of regularizing, normalizing, constitutionalizing—things. With however, it must be remembered, the natural determination that there must be no yielding in wiping clean the slate. The Fascist effort, which indeed did lift Italy out of chaos at the cost of 3000 patriotic lives, has developed into the Fascist insistence that Italy shall not sink back again. Another part of Fascism, brave, too, and patriotic in fighting times, has now in mind nothing more than holding on to the position of power—petty power though it may be—it has gained.

In this category are the so-called "Rasses," autocrats in country districts, over whom the regular authority of the prefect still finds it difficult to prevail. A third part of Fascism forms the extremists, erstwhile Socialists or Communists perhaps, who went over to the movement from fear or for what could be gotten out of it when it was seen to be top dog.

In this last category, though with part place too in the second, must be included the instigators as well as the agents of outrage. Many acts of violence—the Matteotti murder is the outstanding instance—have been purely political and premeditated. There have been those among Mussolini's followers who showed courage and devotion during the fighting days, and who were given positions of responsibility in consequence, but who have shown themselves unworthy of any trust. They may have been simply patriotic in the beginning—when they gained power they thought of nothing but holding on to it and getting all they could out of it. And they hesitated at nothing.

Signor Mussolini, it has been said, is sincerely desirous of normalization and of coöperation to that end of all good Italians. He has made notable advances, in parliament and privately, to leaders of parties and

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other circles who have not seen their way towards supporting this policy. In most cases he has met with a blank refusal. But what is now seen to be remarkable is that every such advance of his has been followed immediately by an outrage on the part of his extremist followers—the ready counter from those who live on disorder, or at least on abnormality, to any approach to normalization and peace. The Matteotti murder, even if not fully premeditated as murder, was the counter to Mussolini's speech holding out the olive branch across the floor of the Chamber. And it is this refusal to listen to the advances he has made, this blind opposition, that has brought an occasional fighting note into some of his utterances, particularly to his own followers. For it is vitally necessary, in order to understand the situation here and the Fascist attitude, to remember always that, desirous as they may be of the coöperation of all good Italians for the good of Italy, Mussolini and his followers, the best and sanest of them, are determined that their work shall not be undone. Italy shall not be allowed in any case to slip back into the political, financial, economic, social slough from which Fascism lifted it. Political opponents put Fascism on a par with themselves; they regard the present time as just a phase, a Fascist phase, on the same political plane as a Liberal or a Democratic phase or, as some opposition parties have recently been trying to arrange, as a sequel to Mussolini's downfall—a Socialist-Popular-Democratic episode of power. Never again, says Fascism, is Italy to be the plaything of political parties. A new era, a new spirit, now exists and must be rooted and remain.

It has been argued that Signor Mussolini must have known of the untrustworthiness of some of his followers—several in high places—as he must know of the "Rasses" still existing in the country and of their defiance of the constitutional authority of the prefects. That is perfectly just criticism. He must have known and he must know. But if we recall his own position and that of Fascism and the country in October, 1922, while we recognize, after the startling revelations of the Matteotti crime, that he waited too long, that he ought to have made a more summary clearance of such untrustworthy elements—we can at the same time recognize the difficulties of the situation in which he was, has been and to a great extent still is placed.

Signor Mussolini was entrusted with power by the King in a manner in full accord with the constitution of the country, but the way in which that consummation was reached was illegal to a degree. Possibly the most paradoxical event in the history of Italy was the Fascist march across the Piazza of the Quirinal on October 28, 1922, when King Victor Emanuel stood for hours on the balcony of the palace taking the salute of the 40,000 Fascists—in sentiment gloriously loyal, in action utterly illegal. In wearing uniform and carrying arms (with carbines, the property of the regular army) with machine guns, and at least one small field piece—in the whole March on Rome in fact—they were breaking any number of their country's laws with the sincere and quite warranted conviction in their hearts that they were saving it from Communism and chaos.

The writer has always doubted whether Mussolini himself desired to take full and sole political responsibility, whether he would not have preferred to have associated with him Signor Salandra perhaps, and one or two other statesmen of experience and known patriotism. The needs of the moment, however, forced the charge on him alone. Indeed it is said, that Salandra when consulted advised the King strongly that Mussolini alone could take charge of the abnormal situation. In the first place it would have been difficult for Salandra, Orlando or other ex-Prime Ministers to work with, presumably under, the chief of such an obviously unconstitutional movement as was Fascism at the moment—granted that Mussolini was appointed most constitutionally by the King. In the second place, if, as the writer thinks, Mussolini would have preferred to associate experienced sound patriots with him in the government of the country, the other active fighting leaders of the movement which had now culminated in the practically bloodless triumph of the March on Rome, were quite determined that Fascism alone—their chief alone—must take control. There must be a clean up. It could never be thorough if the old crowd, the old spirit, had anything to do with it.

It is seen now to be a fact that Mussolini alone had the necessary authority. He alone could take the first and immediately necessary step of getting the invading army out of Rome and back to their homes—as he did in twenty-four hours. The march through Rome on that Tuesday had been a really inspiring suggestion—for, although there were massed only 40,000, out of several hundred thousands—to represent a young Italy, recovered, disciplined, determined, it was a welcome surprise and an inspiration for such as had been rendered anxious by the aspect of squadrons and individuals marching, bivouacking and assembling in the Villa Borghese on the Sunday and Monday before.

Looking back, it seems far more remarkable that any one man should have been able to control and discipline those dangerously determined bands than that now, after two years, some of those fighters in certain parts of the country are not yet quite in hand.

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LOUIS VEUILLOT

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

WHEN Louis Veuillot[1] assumed the direction of l'Univers in the spring of 1843 the prospects of Catholic journalism and propaganda were little more encouraging than they had been in his youth. Practically all the organs of the "Grande Presse" were bitterly anti-Catholic and anti-Christian. On the Constitutionnel, founded by Thiers in 1830, a writer, and one of the most highly paid, was retained, who specialized in articles offensive to religion. The Journal des Débats bid high for feuilletons from the pen of Eugene Eue. On the Siècle any drop in circulation figures was the signal for sensational charges against Rome and the Jesuits, which lasted till the curve began to ascend again. The press, at its worst, only reflected tendencies prevailing among its subscribers and readers. Michelet was telling students at the Collège de France that "Catholicism meant death." Lacordaire was forced to take off his religious habit before mounting the estrade to deliver his lectures. The only Catholic paper in Paris enjoying any esteem was l'Avenir, and this was largely due to the personality and reputation of Montalembert who edited and subsidized it. Ozanam was conducting a country sheet, the Tribune de Bailly and was not to found l'Ere Nouvelle till ten years later. Veuillot's younger brother and biographer has described a visit paid to the offices of l'Univers in 1840 on the eve of the elder's departure for Africa. A man in clerical dress writing at a table, a lad setting type slowly in the same dark room were the only signs of life. Everything bespoke languor and decay.

Veuillot changed all this. From the moment that he entered upon his duties at the rue des Fossés St. Jacques, the Parisians, curious about new things, like the inhabitants of ancient Athens, became conscious that a new voice was speaking which it would be affectation to ignore. Veuillot was not only a great Catholic but a great editor, in the true line of Greeley, Dana, and later, of W. T. Stead. He knew "what the public wants," as well as and better than his worldly rivals. He knew the unfailing attraction the reading public finds in vivid and colorful pictures of its own life day by day, and its secret admiration for the man bold enough and skilful enough to "go after" the spoiled idols and stuffed shirts of the market place. Editorially, he foresaw that paradox can be made popular and that there are joints in the harness of the most worldly and arrogant of Blunderbores which only paradox reaches effectively.

He was not only a great editor but a ubiquitous reporter. He was aware, as every good metropolitan news writer is aware, that the office is the place to write good stories, but the streets the place to find them. He had the flair for the violent contrasts that make them. Sessions of the Chamber, first nights at theatres, café concerts, funerals, political meetings and meetings of workers, literary solemnities, the light talk in all-night restaurants, the come and go of the boulevards, were fish to his net, and texts for his unceasing propaganda. No disreputable corner of the "Ville Lumière," however dark or gaudily veneered, was secure from his sudden descent and might not find itself matter for a leading article in l'Univers on the morrow.

"Muck-raking!" Veuillot was accused of it. His answer is historical. "I go to the muck-heap with a spade, to clear it away; not with a fork, to turn it over." One part of his equipment for polemical journalism was a swiftness, all Gallic, in repartee. Another was a faculty for removing an argument from the ground chosen by his attackers to loftier altitudes where the adversary could not breathe so easily as one accustomed to dwell upon the heights. In an article on Rome, he had mentioned, with what was considered disrespect, a paving project undertaken by the French authorities who were at that time occupying the Eternal City. "M. Veuillot Wants Rome Unpaved," was the obvious comment. Read Veuillot's rejoinder. "Rome has been paved, and only God, if He so wills, can unpave it now. But make no mistake. God has His unpavers as He has His other workers. He calls them, and they come. No city exists that can be sure it will never be unpaved."

The new appreciation of Veuillot's place in literature has led to an attempt, that seems inevitable when one who is a believer takes the world's admiration by storm, to separate the man of letters from the man of faith, the critic from the Christian. One can imagine how Veuillot himself, who often declared that a man can not be "separated," because belief and unbelief are penetrative qualities, would have dealt with the theory. As a Catholic he was frankly intransigeant. He was for the Apostolic See and the apostolate, for open warfare and the unified command. There were many Catholics in Europe, as the Conference of Malines in 1863 was to show, willing to attenuate, to "soft-pedal," if a popular phrase may be permitted, if by this means some tenuous link could be spun between faith and "scientific thought." Of these mid-century modernists Veuillot was the bête noire, as he is the bête noire of their apologists today.

"Their profession," he pointed out with deadly logic, "commits them to a positive belief in super-

[1] *Critiques et Romanciers, by André Beaunier. Paris: Les Editions G .Cres.*

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natural happenings recorded since the dawn of the Church, and authenticated by her even in our own day and in the midst of modern society. To defend oneself from excessive belief with reasons which have their origin less in examination of the circumstances than in a general repugnance to the miraculous is, for a true Catholic, the lowest depth of childishness and inconsequence."

As a critic he was equally uncompromising. The point of view from which he appraised literature and art was always the Catholic and moral one, because he had no other. "It is to the Church," he often reminded his readers, "that I owe my intelligence, as it is to my baptism that I owe my liberty." That his judgments were often marvels of penetration, that the ethic and the aesthetic so often found themselves in harmony, caused him neither surprise nor complacency. He would have been very much surprised if it had happened otherwise. "He found irreligion," says Maurice Vallès, "not only harmful, but ugly." Not only ugly, one might add, but essentially second rate. "He always has God and grammar on his side," grumbled Monselet.

His weapons were never poisoned ones. But it must be admitted that Gallic salt was not spared to make the wounds they inflicted tingle and smart. "If the elders had sung as they waited for Susannah, we should have had something like the Chansons des Bois et des Rues." We have seen to what level in rejoinder such a thrust drove Victor Hugo. "What I gave you was a pin-prick," Veuillot could risposte in turn. "It is only because you are always scratching it that it has become envenomed." Of Scribe, now perceived to have been the most devastating influence the stage has endured, he could write, forestalling Shaw and modern dramatic criticism by sixty years. "M. Scribe is just at the level of modern society. And I am afraid that society will be for many years at the level of M. Scribe." Of de Musset—"He pretended to be young all his life, and perhaps never was. . . . His wings are on his feet, never on his shoulders." And of Gautier—"There is something repellant to me in his description of a man, even to his Greek nose and his round cheeks, as though it were a question of a girl. . . . Pleonasms in style are the stamp of literary poverty, just as loquacity in business affairs is the stamp of the man who lacks capital." And how far has the taste or quality of the spectacles offered the tired business man, on roof garden or at wintergarden, changed for the better in the seven decades since Veuillot wrote—"Golden rain and legs—legs—legs! Can the public ever have too much gold or too many legs?"

His life was hard and sad, filled with domestic bereavement and sacrifices of which he kept the secret. He had his hours of despondency, his Gethsemanes, when those nearest to him by faith and friendship drew afar off and stood against him, and when the tempter whispered in his ear the diabolical "cui bono?"

"I defend property," he wrote near the end of his life in one of these moments of depression, "and have never saved a penny, nor been the owner of a single acre: aristocracy, and I have never met two aristocrats worthy the name: royalty, in a world which will never see another true king. All these things I defended from love of the people, and I am pilloried as their enemy: from love of liberty, and liberty will hang me to a lamp post the first chance it gets. Perhaps I have believed too much in liberty, and spoken of it too often."

For Veuillot was of the people, and to be of the people heart and soul, means for a man obsessed with a love of justice, a tragic outlook on life. The liberty of which he spoke was something quite outside forms of government, indeed his experience told him that those who professed liberty loudest were the ones most to be distrusted. He was haunted by a sense of the peculiar danger to which popular governments are exposed who will not take God in as a partner. He had a theory, which current events are proving strangely prophetic, that liberty, using the word in its familiar and, as he believed, misinterpreted sense, had disturbed a natural order, and that an order, less natural, but armed with formidable powers, would one day return and make short work of it.

It is in this very sense of an abiding peril that M. Beaunier, to whose scholarly and sympathetic study it is time to return, finds a key which explains a great deal of Louis Veuillot that seems extravagant, or even intolerable, to the worldly mind. The danger of making a fatally wrong choice in life is present for all. But for the young man of the people, who is met on the very threshold of adolescence by life's injustice, its inequitable distribution of property and happiness, the peril is terribly imminent. Here a wrong step once taken is hard to retrace. Veuillot never forgot that he had been just such a young man, beset by just such dangers. In religion he had found peace, security, honored maturity, reverend grey hairs. He saw the same boon offered to all, and rejected by nine out of ten. Hence, the fierce anger with which his heart was filled when contemplating any tendency, whether in art, letters or politics, which confused the issue, or rendered distasteful the yoke he had found so sweet, the burden he had borne so easily.

"At the thought of what he had risked," says M. Beaunier, "Veuillot shuddered. All his life he felt the thrill of that danger. An immense charity urged him to preserve his neighbor from it, but first of all to save his brothers in the common people. This is what makes his anger so lofty and poignant. His criticisms, even when they seem unjust, are not useless if they warn teachers and writers to beware of ideas which can work such havoc in a human soul."

(The second of two studies.)

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CARDINAL MERCIER'S MESSAGE

(The following letter written to Mr. C. L. Duval of New York, by His Eminence Cardinal Mercier of Malines, of which only a brief extract has been published in the daily press, gives a valuable picture of the great prelate and patriot and the spiritual philosophy that has so endeared him to the people of the whole world.)

Malines, Belgium.

YOU asked me to continue by correspondence the friendly talk we had when you came to see me at l'Hermite last June. You were especially keen to know what I thought of the future, at this juncture, after four years of war and six years of armistice—and to hear on what grounds I based my opinion. You are so kind as to say that the sympathy your countrymen bear to me, and which I reciprocate with all my heart, makes them wish to keep in soul-contact with us, and with dear Belgium which they connect with my poor self.

What do I think of the future, from the moral point of view, the only one about which I am qualified to speak?

This is not easy to define. The world, at this hour, is a great invalid. All eyes are turned to the physicians, all lips anxiously asking: "Is there hope of recovery? Have you a remedy—*the* remedy?" The physicians have no concrete answer, or rather, they give divers answers all at once. The more the consultations and remedies multiply, the more we realize that we are at a standstill.

Optimist or pessimist, which shall it be? From a hypothetical consideration of the situation in the present premises, there is something to justify and explain either tendency, but, in my humble judgment, under the broader view which should be decisive, optimism must prevail. "Be confident in spite of all," were my words to my fellow-citizens, at one of the darkest hours of recent history. "No matter how troubled, how close to disaster and despair conditions may be, let every one keep his head erect and his heart steady, because discouragement has never begotten energy, and energy alone breeds triumph."

Marshal Foch, in his lessons of war, asks to whom, in armed conflict, victory belongs—and he answers his query: to the strongest will, which bends the weaker.

O, ye young men, compatriots, men of the people and representatives of the people, whether of Belgium or of other countries, do ye wish to help your brothers, the allies of yesterday, in the struggle we have made for ten years to obtain peace? Then be men of energy. Should some vacillate or yield, be ye, the controlling majority, at all events steadfast.

Surely we have a supreme reason for being optimistic in the sacrifice of men and wealth that we have made in order that justice shall prevail in international relations and in the social order. Divine Providence will reckon in our favor this great sacrifice.

Alas! I know that since then both nations and individuals have undergone a great change: self-seeking, the thirst for pleasure, the lust for money have too often overcome self-denial and devotion to the commonweal while political partisanship and class strife have impeded unity of action and have rendered the commonwealth asunder. In this, however, I recognize the effects of nerve collapse due to the hyperstrain of protracted war. A few more swings, and the pendulum will return to the vertical. Here in Belgium and in France, there is no doubt that the rising generation gives promise of an abundant reserve of national energy, faith and discipline. Respect for and love of authority are growing, clearing the air, spreading currents of confidence, casting seeds of peace.

Shall this youthful levy be encouraged in the hope of a universal peace? Yes, I agree, provided it be understood that true peace dwells in man's conscience; that, to spread a true brotherhood abroad, whether within the nation or in the commonwealth of peoples and states, it is first of all necessary to settle men's hearts in charity. The world is too vast, social groups too unlike, local interests too divergent and too often antagonistic, to encompass all humanity in one nation.

Then, if it is inevitable that there be different countries, with definite boundaries, the danger must subsist that one or other of them will attempt to extend its dominions to the detriment of its neighbor; hence the danger of quarrels, threatening open war.

If all agreed to submit to one and the same moral authority, it would be possible to keep the peace. But should one of them deny this moral authority, seek alliances to build up its predominance over others, the peril of war must inevitably ensue. The quarrel which has not been peacefully settled can only be squared by force of arms. Nothing can prevent this. No nation, no league of nations will ever be able to assert its will if not endowed with the right to command obedience from the consciences of men.

The notorious "internationale" dreamt of by Socialism or Communism is really a universal and permanent organization for war: the very antithesis of peace.

Christ and He alone is King of peace. He teaches us that we are all brothers, that we have one and the same Father in Heaven, and that the predominant law of our life, in which all other commandments are compassed, is charity. The love of all for their Father, and for the sake of the Father, the love of brothers for one another. In such measure as this love pervades, in so far will peace reign over the world.

In order, therefore, to work for universal peace, it is necessary, first, to build up the gospel's rule. Let all believers set to work on this apostolate. Let all Christian nations—without mental reservation or dread of facing the truth and its consequences—make a loyal effort to bring the realization of Our Lord's supreme wish as He was about to ascend to His Father: "Ut unum sint"—"That they may all be one."

The conversations I had on several occasions, at Malines, with authorized representatives of the Anglican church, were directed to this object: the loyal quest of the conditions of unity in Christ. At the bottom of all problems lies the religious problem, because man, answerable for his doings, knows that he is bound to act morally, and moral law has no immutable foundation but in the sovereign authority of God.

Bolshevism, the last end of social dissolution, is radically atheistic. Antibolshevism, the restoration of order, can only be built upon God. It has been said that the awful horrors of the late war indicate the failure of the gospel and of Christ's church. But the significant fact is ignored: that, while it is true that the gospel was brought to the world nigh to 2,000 years ago, the world has not welcomed it.

It remains true today, even as in the days of John the Baptist, that Christ is in the world, yes, and that the world was made by Him, but the world knows Him not.

Christ said to us, and His word deceives not: do you wish to live the real life—not that which passes and is ended by death, but life eternal, with the full satisfaction it brings to the deepest aspirations of the soul—then draw it from knowledge of the true God and His envoy, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

✠J. D. Cardinal Mercier,
Archbishop of Malines.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Saint

IT is, of course, more than a coincidence that the program of The Saint should include that rich and penetrating line from The Hound of Heaven—" 'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.' " This one line, I believe, explains why Stark Young, one of the ablest writers and best informed among our dramatic critics, should have written so distressing and curious a play as The Saint. Valdes, his hero, is still pursued by the Hound of Heaven—a soul tortured by intellectual pride, chained to created things, speeding endlessly "up vistaed hopes," only to meet the shattered substance of his dreams.

The play itself has betrayed Stark Young. Filled with most of the matter of good drama, its form is chaotic, nebulous, incoherent. Its action drags heavily because no one (and least of all, I suspect, the author himself) knows where it is leading. It is a story of the dark night of the soul, unillumined by so much as a ray of guiding light. The action consists of incident only. There is no movement forward of character or soul, only the black searching of the blind; endless, futile and proud. No wonder the poetry of the lines drops with a leaden cadence. No wonder that it is not a play at all but rather a mute glimpse "adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears." It never reaches that mystic climax of Thompson's poem—

> Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
> I am He Whom thou seekest!
> Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me!

The story of The Saint misses, by just this spiritual deadlock, true dramatic force. Valdes is a Franciscan seminarian on the Texas border. He was formerly a cow-puncher, a passionate lover of nature in her open moods. For the moment he has found a sort of emotional climax in the halls of the monastery —twisted, intense, enquiring fervor lacking utterly the simplicity and humility of true sanctity. He meets Marietta, the dancer of Tip Thompson's Troupe of strolling players and at once the well of his human passions engulfs his frail spirituality. The day of the Good Friday procession he leaves the seminary to join the troupe, and becomes its leading comedian, achieving a splendid impersonation of Charlie Chaplin. But Marietta, who loved him, if at all, more for the very spiritual groping she had first felt in him, despises him as a clown. Her fluid passion shifts quick to Dedaux, the knife-thrower.

With the crash of this illusion, Valdes returns to the seminary, a year later, but not to join in the Good Friday procession. Meeting Marietta and her lover, Valdes starts to kill her, and then, in disgust at her grovelling, sends her away. The Good Friday procession passes. He falls stricken before the statue of Christ in the Tomb—hearing again, perhaps, the "majestic instancy" of the heavenly Hound. But he hears it only to turn and flee again. The play leaves him setting forth into the world, bound "down the arches of the years."

Even as it stands, The Saint would gain measurably by adequate acting. The settings of Mr. Jones are full of a feeling which Mr. Young himself has apparently missed. They are better than the play.

We venture, in summary, the statement that if Mr. Young knew half as clearly what he wished to say in The Saint as he knows the value of other dramatists' work, he would have written something much bolder, far truer to spiritual experience, and infinitely better drama.

The Far Cry

EVERY so often I see a play that tempts me, almost beyond caution and endurance, to write a book. The title of that book, if it is ever truly born, will be The Abhorrent Vacuum. Its subject matter will be the unnecessary plays—plays that deal with special, localized conditions, problems that confront only an absurdly small group of people, plays, in short, that gyrate in a vacuum. The Far Cry belongs to that group.

There is on the continent of Europe, and particularly in Paris, a collection of moral derelicts known as American expatriates. They comprise a small though notorious minority of the resident American colony. They are the endowed unfit, men and women forced to quit the states through scandal, or selecting Europe as their playground because they mistake the quiet contempt of the natives for indifference, and feel at liberty there to act without regard for public opinion. To be seen in their company is to forego the society of all self-respecting natives and of all save the most inexperienced American residents. No play such as The Far Cry, dealing exclusively with the doings of this quarantined group, can establish any claim to general dramatic importance.

Unfortunately it can establish a claim to box office receipts precisely because its subject matter is exotic and debased, and because, to anaesthetize public resentment and the playwrights' own sensibilities, it can generally be wound up with a duly moral tone. This seems to be the case, at least, with The Far Cry. The young people, brought up in the filthy atmosphere of polite vice, see daylight and common sense before the last curtain. But their alleged reformation is concocted chiefly of sentimentality and expediency. It comes about without any conflict greater than jealousy—no tugging at deep roots, no battle of will against habit.

The story itself is too dull to demand re-telling. Its working out is slow, uneven and, for the most part, commonplace. It achieves in the second act—a villa in Florence—a certain picturesque color due to an unusually effective stage set by Livingston Platt. But the characters rather spoil this by talking too much of painfully obvious landmarks off-stage, such as Michelangelo's David. Margalo Gillmore handles a thankless part with assurance and her usual stage sense, but with none of that elusive charm which distinguished her performance in He Who Gets Slapped. The play as a whole deserves the still farther cry of sudden oblivion.

The Farmer's Wife

YOU rarely find a happier complement of stage talent than in Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn. Neither of them attains or probably even aspires to greatness, but they have that warm congeniality with the audience, that comfortable and unhurried assurance, and that charm of sly humor which belong

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to the very well-trained and talented actors only, and which, as combined qualities, are distressingly scarce today. In The Farmer's Wife they have found a capital medium of expression—a brilliant little comedy, by Eden Phillpotts set in Devon, England, and true to life almost anywhere.

The story is simple enough. Samuel Sweetland, a widower of two years, with two daughters and a most intelligent housekeeper, Araminta Dench, decides that he should marry again. With Araminta's help, he makes a list of available widows and spinsters, and proposes to them in order of preference. They all turn him down, whereat he discovers that Araminta herself is a treasure on his very threshold. The love stories, hilarious and touching, of his two daughters are interwoven with this theme in a skilful and joyous fashion.

An exceptionally well-balanced cast gives zest and sparkle to every moment of the play. It is good, for example, to see Rosalind Fuller back in the atmosphere of the English countryside. After many wanderings through musical comedy and as Ophelia to Barrymore's Hamlet, she has at last found her native niche. James Jolley as George Smerdon, the bull dog lover of the other daughter, shows a rare combination of restraint and comedy sense. Cecelia Radclyffe, as the ancient maiden on Sweetland's list, and Etienne Girardot, as old and impressionable Henry Coaker, contribute more than their share to the general excellence. So far, the season's comedies show a higher average than the serious plays. Minick, Lazybones and this gem of Phillpott's make a splendid trio.

Plays at Random

THE "fall" season began in midsummer—which means that we cannot hope to review in detail all the good plays still on the boards. Among those deserving more attention, or to be reviewed later are the following:

The Fake—An insincere attempt at sensationalism. Reviewed next week.

Lazybones—A comedy of exceptional charm. Reviewed later.

Minick.—One of the best combinations of comedy and pathos on Broadway. Reviewed later.

White Cargo—A melodramatic story of the white man's degeneration in the African tropics. Morbid.

Dancing Mothers.—A play of the flapper who reforms and her mother who does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.

Expressing Willie—A polite and somewhat artificial skit on psychoanalysis and faddists.

The Show-Off—A comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

Cobra—A play distinguished by the acting and a serious overplaying of sexuality.

Conscience—A rather poor play redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster. To be reviewed later.

Chocolate Dandies—Sissle and Blake in another dusky review, with good music and dancing.

Marjorie—A musical play giving Elizabeth Hines a fair chance to charm. Otherwise mediocre.

I'll Say She Is—In which one of the Marx brothers makes up for the stupidity of the other three. Much overrated.

BRIEFER MENTION

The First Crusade, by August C. Frey, Princeton: Princeton University Press. $3.00

WHILE as the author of The First Crusade, August C. Frey admits that the literary value of these writings he has collected and translated is rather indirect, there can be no question of their importance to the historical student, so often nonplussed by the lack of material and record of a direct origin.

As it was the churchmen whose organization radiated from Rome who were practically the only writers of these early days, and as the monasteries were the most frequented centres of hospitality and therefore the best informed sources of information, we find these chronicles distinctly religious and monastic in character.

Among the many interesting pictures, there is one of the Emir of Antioch, who, when Tancred had charged through his tents and captured the city, came forth in tears and said—

> O Spirits of Gods! Who ever saw or heard such things? Such might, such valor, such military skill, never exceeded by any people, is now conquered by a band of Christians so little that they could be enclosed in the hollow of a hand. Alas! Grief and sadness are mine. I am conquered by a race, beggarly, unarmed and very poor, a race that has nothing except a beggar's scrip and cloak. They now pursue the Egyptian people who commonly gave them alms, when in olden times they begged through our whole land. Hither I have brought together 200,000 knights, and behold I see them fleeing with loose bridles along the road to Babylon and they dare not turn back against the Frankish people! I swear by Mohammed and by the names of all the gods, that since I am driven out by this foreign people, I will no longer retain knights for any gathering. Woe is me! What more shall I say? I will be forever disgraced in the land of Babylon.

Argentine Literature, A Bibliography, by Sturgis E. Leavitt. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.

AS the result of his researches in the National Library and the University Library of Buenos Aires, the Professor of Spanish in the University of North Carolina, Sturgis E. Leavitt, has produced a valuable bibliography, which will be welcome to students of the scattered books of South America and the romantic histories they contain. Literature, science and art, as well as history, are included in this careful catalogue of books and magazines; and the theatre and its productions have not been overlooked.

Catholic Library Association. A very interesting list of subjects is the announced Syllabus of Lectures for the Catholic Library Association. The quality of these discussions is guaranteed in the lecturer, Mgr. Joseph H. McMahon, who is accustomed to deal with the turns of the modern fashions of thought with the acumen and power of the best mind of the older days. His subjects will range from the Psychology of Ku-Kluxism to a consideration of the popular Sabatini, "a novelist turned historian, whose imagination and ignorance combine to his undoing." The lectures will be given on Wednesday afternoon, December 10, January 14, February 18, and March 11, at 4 P. M.

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POETRY

Maple Trees in Autumn

It seemed a cup that brimmed hot leaves,
That held all fires, all fruits;
I put the red tree to my lips
And drained it to the roots.

❧

Beneath the smouldering trees I walk at night;
I know they burn! although they give no light.

❧

I gathered flames from off the tree,
Not thinking it would injure me;
It scorched my hands, it caught my hair,
It burned my heart to ashes there;
I played with fire in the wood . . .
No woman should, no woman should.

❧

All day it rains; but on the hill
The dripping embers warm me still.

❧

Is this the burning bush
That Moses heard?
And was the voice a bird?

LEONORA SPEYER.

Night in the Village

A fragment from the Bible is this place.
Evening on the mountain droops and dies,
And the sun's last gleam, a needle, flies
Through fantastic cupolas of lace.
Abstruse and dissonant and muted rise
Vaporous murmurings, savage, infinite.
Like a good death before a conscience white—
Night before the village smiling lies.

Over the landscape, olive and blue-green,
Sheep folds coagulate in nebulous patches.
A hundred stars have opened one by one.
Across rose scented silence, a cricket scratches.
Back there the windmill, arms about the moon,
With an old-world romance inspires the scene.

JULIO HERRERA-REISSIG.
Translated by MUNA LEE.

A Man at Arachat

Shaun O'Brien says English
  When fishing on his boat;
But unless his prayers are Gaelic
  They stick in his throat.

And Shaun can greet a bargain
  With a French word or two,
But when the world is sinking
  His Gaelic song can do.

MICHAEL EARLS.

Armenian Road Songs

I

O lovely peddlar girl that strays
At noontide through our hamlet ways
I rest not for thy love—desire
Hath plunged me in such bath of fire!
This prayer to God is all I speak—
  Forever to detain thee near,
My cheek against thy downy cheek,
  Till thou forget the path from here!

II

To me thou art earth's royal ring
  Whereon the brighest gem is set;
Thou art the moss beside the spring
  With sparkling dews of morning wet;
Thou art the apple on the bough,
  And I the little leaf on high
That trembles lest the gardener now
  Shall pluck thee, leaving me to die.

THOMAS WALSH.

Counsel

No harvest shall they store
Who squander hopes galore
On May, nor mind September—
Remember, boy, remember!

Though corn be ripe for hook,
They'll wander off with brook
To fairy fields unplanted—
Enchanted, boy, enchanted!

And though their timothy
Wait scythe, they'd rather see
Diana's sickle mow it—
I know it, boy, I know it!

But if, down autumn's day,
You spend desires on May
Nor heed what I'm professing—
My blessing, boy, my blessing!

And should you haply sing
Green leaves, while harvesting
Their ghostly gold above you—
God love you, boy, God love you!

FRANCIS CARLIN.

Michael the Archangel

In white splendors and red terrors my thoughts
  Are like the lightnings of the Lord;
From abysmal vasts they spring in flame and
  Rush like wind—each one a sword,
That on the farthest frontiers of man's soul
  Maintains the Word.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart or thy library.—C. LAMB.

WE thought that ante-publication week in the Calvert Club's quiet corner was pretty rowdy—but how can I describe publication week itself? When instead of proofs (exciting as these were) the first printed copies of The Commonweal appeared? Printers' errors and authors' slips in proof are bad enough, but when the special devil of the press contrives to let the errors go through into the final forms, and the last O. K. is not after all an exorcism, but only the seal of authority, transferring responsibility from printers to editors, and when assistant editors remark, acidly, to the Editor-in-Chief—"Well, after all, you were the last one to read that page," and that harassed personage can only mutter —"But, am I the whole staff's keeper?"—well, I draw the curtain, with Dr. Angelicus saying, aside, to Tittivillus—"It's worse than the arrival of the first baby to the Newlyweds!"

Tittivillus is our page boy and general factotum. He was hovering about the (supposed to be) quiet corner with a dust pan and vacuum cleaner. His name, on our books, is Thomas Tittle, but Doctor Angelicus says that his true name is Tittivillus, insisting that he is the self same sprite that of olden times haunted the convents and monasteries of monks and nuns, gathering up their idle words, and the petty gossip, and collecting the scraps into sacks ready to be heaped on the scales on Judgment Day. "But what he will collect in our club is likely to weigh more heavily on the wrong side, than all his monastery gleanings," says the Doctor.

Tittivillus has lost his front tooth and has an annoying way of sticking out his tongue through the opening. His yellow hair and yellow freckles give him a Scandinavian look, and his favorite expression is a sneeze that sounds like "yah." He takes delight in dusting off the shoulders of Doctor Angelicus, which rather annoys that gentleman, who nevertheless is obliged to submit to this demonstration of the little devil's affection. The other day we confessed to some annoyance when in the middle of a most profound discussion on the principles of the Ku Klux Klan, Tittivillus rattled the dust pan so noisily as to stop all the conversation. We suspect his feelings are much exacerbated in a club like ours, where Latins and Celts mingle with Nordics, of whom Tittivillus would seem to be one, spiritually speaking. We wonder if on his night off Tittivillus dons the garb of a Kleagle, or something, and spoofs the burghers of Long Island. We cherish Tittivillus. Until Doctor Angelicus finds the Puritan whom he is to bring into the club to help us gain a more decorous tone, Tittivillus serves to remind us that we are very queer people, probably with guns concealed in our club lockers (other folks suspect other things) and with at least one disguised Jesuit on the staff. Which reminder is good for our souls.

It was our Business Manager, however, who stirred up the quiet corner to its noisiest pitch, by remarking complacently—"Well, all the checks have gone out to printers, and to all the contributors except the poets." As every editor on the staff, and a whole lot of the other club members, are at least part-time poets, or concealed poets, or are guiltily meditating poetry, there was a babel of indignation. "But should poets be paid at all?" the Business Manager asked, blandly. Doctor Angelicus (who is writing an epic) and Miss Anonymuncule, who is a sonneteer, cancelled each others' protests by an exact amount and volume of utterances. Tittivillus swooped down with his dust pan on a pile of paper which turned out to be proofs of verse. These were forcibly rescued by Doctor Angelicus.

When the excitement subsided a bit, the Office Mystic was heard to murmur—"A symbol—unquestionably a symbol. The Commonweal is supposed to be a revolt, a warfare, indeed, against the materialism of the age—yet even The Commonweal neglects its poets. It pays its bills—except those of poets. It remembers all the practical folk—but forgets the poets. And that's exactly what the world does. That's precisely what is the matter with the world. As for me—I resign if the poets are not paid at once."

Ominous silence. As the Mystic is also a Director, the threat sent a shiver through the corner, extending even to the Business Manager, who hastily said—"I'll order the checks sent at once." Returning, a minute later, he whispered to Doctor Angelicus—"The Mystic himself has had a poem accepted." "Mystics are very practical people," said Doctor Angelicus, oracularly. "That's the distinguishing mark of true mysticism."

Aloud, to the circle, Doctor Angelicus continued—"This little discussion reminds me that a poet whom the world should not forget, nor The Commonweal either, a poet who I suspect received and indeed expected few checks, has just gone from us. My dear friend, Emily Hickey—" "Never heard of her," broke in the Statistician. "In that you are like the world. Emily Hickey was seventy-nine when she died a few months ago. In spite of her name, she was the daughter of a Protestant clergyman of Wexford, Ireland. You may not have heard of her, Professor Statisticus, but only the other night, I thought you softened a bit when your daughter sang Emily Hickey's song:

Beloved, it is morn!
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born,
Pray, sweet, for me,
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is night!
Thy heart and mine are full of light,
Thy spirit shineth clear and white,
God keep thee in His sight!
Pray, sweet, for me,
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Doctor Angelicus paused and heaved a short-winded sigh, then added—

All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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BOOKS

Mariflor by Concha Espina. Translated by Frances Douglas. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Red Beacon by Concha Espina. Translated by Frances Douglas. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

HARDLY had Emilia Pardo Bazan, the great lady of Spanish letters, passed from the scene when the star of another feminine author came across the horizon bearing the name of Concha Espina. The refinement and delicate charms of Señora Pardo Bazan, the graces of old-world aristocratic flavor—the black lace and diamonds of the lady patroness of the Madrid salons, were succeeded by a more modern type of rare womanliness, of gentler emotional quality, of an aristocracy more of the heart and mind than of the official or ceremonial stamp.

The English reader is now in the possession, through the excellent translations of Miss Frances Douglas, of two of the best books of the newer author. Mariflor—from the Spanish of La Esfinge Maragata has won the highest prize in national fiction offered by the Spanish Academy. Like in character with so many of the most appreciated novels in Spain and the Spanish Americas, Mariflor is a close study of the life of that strange Maragata race that spreads across the northwestern Peninsula, that lives apart in a seclusion rigid, sacred and unaffected by modern opinions or even by the customs of other Spaniards around it. It is a hard, unemotional race, with only a few primitive sentiments, but dominated by a sense of duty and an ideal of decency that set it clearly in contrast with neighboring peoples and make it extremely difficult for a novelist or poet to interpret in any manner at all interesting. These novels of local customs are so general as to prove almost an embarrassment to a student in pursuit of literary material. In the first place, they imply an interest or even curiosity in a given region which, except in the immediate neighborhood is hard to find. The truth of the detail and the characteristic types are frequently of such importance to the author and the immediate enthusiast of the provinces in question that the general interest of the story is neglected or lost, and what remains is merely a document, valuable perhaps for the local historian, but of small importance to the world at large.

Something of this might be said in reference to Mariflor: the story is meagre and languid in its movement, as befits a region and people poor, monotonous and limited in their lives. The character of Rogelio Terán from Madrid is sketched rather faintly against the masses of detail, and Mariflor, half Castilian, half Maragatan, is for all her exquisite charm hardly strong enough to carry the book to success with American readers who are still under the spell of spot-light heroes and heroines. The beauty of Concha Espina's work consists largely in this, that her personages move naturally in the scenes she is portraying; she is not out to paint portraits in the Zuloaga manner: her style is inclined to a harmony more in the manner of mediaeval painting. The peasants, the general supporting company as one would say in the theatre, are exquisitely suggested and a proper light leaves the memory with sharply outlined portraits of the strange old grandmother and the really fine Don Miguel, the young pastor and consoler of the countryside.

In The Red Beacon one finds a novel more in the English sense of the word, even if written with less art and less an achievement in Spanish letters. It is a story of rare feminine

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quality, of extreme beauty and delicacy. It tells the history of a mill owner's daughter on the shores of the Biscayan Sea separated from her boy lover and married to a rich farmer returned with a fortune from Cuba and a resolve to purchase a wife, beautiful and respectable, among his own people. The story of Dulce Nombre's life of service and remembrance of her old lover: the silent secret love for her in the heart of a ruined gentleman of the neighborhood, the return of her boy lover from Havana, and the tragedy of his sudden love for Dulce Nombre's young daughter, will find a place in the deepest sympathies of the reader. It is the sort of tale that appeals to the European film makers and audiences, and it seems that a love story of rare qualities of purity and emotional power should not be overlooked by American producers at Hollywood.

The Boston Transcript has said that Concha Espina is the foremost woman novelist of Spain: we would classify her with the great author of Sweden, Selma Lagerlöf, as one of the two greatest women novelists of the world.

T. W.

Cosmology, an Introduction to the Philosophy of Matter, by the Rev. John O'Neill. New York: Longmans, Green and Compary. $4.20.

THOSE who have to teach the subject of cosmology must have often felt, like the present reviewer, the urgent need of a textbook on the subject. There is a gap in the excellent Stonyhurst Series which has never been filled by a work on this topic. The two-volume Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy of Cardinal Mercier, even in its English translation and with the useful note at the end of the second volume, is quite out of date and so is the last edition of Nys's great Cosmologie. The fact of the matter is that the philosophy of matter depends—like other branches of philosophy—on discoveries of science and there is no part of the scientific world which is in a more confused state nor one in which there is more uncertainty as to what is truth, than just that part which relates to the nature of matter. The old ideas, for example, as to the ether, that ensemble of contradictory attributes, is now declared to be too materialistic—mark the word—and in fact, there are those who doubt the ether; those who more or less ignore it; those who stand by it, like its faithful supporter, Sir Oliver Lodge; but that there is any general consent about it or its nature would be impossible to say. Yet the electron and the proton are still believed by many to be a sort of modification of the continuum to which the name of ether still attaches itself, and they are at least held to be centres of energy and the constituent parts of the atom. Whilst, therefore, things are in this condition it is clear that to build philosophical theories on such a foundation would be to erect a house on shifting sands.

Professor O'Neill, in his first volume, only carries his subject as far as the Aristotleian Schoolmen and is therefore out of the way of the difficulties he is going to meet in his next volume, which every philosopher will look forward to with eager anticipation, though it is quite hopeless to expect that physicists will have settled their minds as to the matters alluded to in time to be of any service to him. Moreover, even if they were settled, they would soon find themselves unsettled again by some new discovery or theory—for such is the way of things in science.

It is hardly necessary to say that Professor O'Neill's work is erudite and exhaustive; and if it is a little heavy reading, it was written for those who have to tackle subjects not very capable of light treatment. Of course, it is a work which must be in every philosophical library. Whilst dealing with it, we should like to take the opportunity of alluding to two other books germane in character. A Manual of Neo-Scholastic Philosophy by Charles R. Baschab, is a most praiseworthy effort, and in many ways most successful in getting the subject into one volume of moderate compass and to make it comprehensible by any educated person who will take the trouble to exercise his brains. We do not know of any book so suitable to place in the hands of the man who wants to know what is meant by this philosophy of ours, yet who does not wish to plough through the large treatises on the subject. Dr. Baschab does not tackle some of the problems—indeed quite a number of them—suggested by the newer physical theories, but his section on cosmology is quite useful and quite sufficient for the ordinary reader. There are those who will quarrel with some of his ideas—for example, the Thomistic succession of souls in the human embryo; and the argument which he builds on that respecting the animal origin of man's body. And there are other disputable points, as there must be to other philosophers in any original work of philosophy. This also is a book which can be recommended, though it is less a work for the scholar and more one for the general reader than is Cosmology, an Introduction to the Philosophy of Matter. It has the imprimatur of the Archbishop of St. Louis.

If ever a book had a misleading title that book is What Shall We Become After Death? by the Abbé Moreux, a well-known man of science and an equally well-known writer. It has been translated by J. F. Scholfield and is very largely taken up with a discussion of just these fundamental physical theories with which we have been dealing. What is more, they are dealt with surely yet with a light touch which makes them comprehensible and interesting even to those who are not professed students of science or philosophy.

B. C. A. W.

Medieval People, by Eileen Power. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

SO delightful a book as Medieval People leaves the reviewer in real pain of futility; one would desire to reprint so much of the fascinating matter, yet one feels that only a thorough reading can at all do justice to the author.

Miss Power, like most readers, has had her surfeit of the great ones of history: the rulers and their red seals and bullas; the knightly chronicles and coats of arms so dear to our modern stationers and ladies' tailors. "The types of historical evidence illustrated [in her work] are the estate book of a memorial lord, the chronicle and traveller's tale, the bishop's register, the didactic treatise on household management, the collection of family letters, and houses, brasses and wills." Her bibliography of sources is a really valuable addition, which will be highly appreciated by the lover of medieval literature as well as the sincere student (there are some few of these) of the history of the civilization of the Middle Ages.

The story of the life of the Peasant Bodo and the wanderings of the Venetian Marco Polo make a good introduction to the fascinating study of medieval conventual life under the title of Madame Eglentyne, the prioress of Chaucer's poem.

The matter of this gossipy chapter is made up largely from the registers kept by the bishops of their visitations to the nun's houses, of the commendations and complaints of prioresses. If the latter were unpopular, the bishops were sure to hear of it. We find here all the conditions of bad housekeeping,

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incomplete subordination in the officers of the establishment—the general disorder that St. Teresa was sent to put to rights some centuries later in Spain. The gossip of these registers is amiably amusing.

"The prioress fares splendidly in her own room and never invites us . . . She is a very bad business woman, and she has let our house get into debt, and the church is falling about our ears, and we don't get food enough, and she hasn't given us any clothes for two years."

Sometimes the nuns were rather tardy in appearing for morning prayers. Wise St. Benedict foresaw the difficulty when he wrote his rule: "When they rise for the Divine Office, let them gently encourage one another, because of the excuses made by those that are drowsy."

At the nunnery of Stainfield in 1519, the bishop discovered that half an hour sometimes elapsed between the last stroke of the bell and the beginning of the service, and that some of the nuns did not sing, but dozed, partly because they had not enough candles, but chiefly because they went late to bed.

There is also a significant account of the devil Tittivillus, who ran about collecting the idle thoughts and words of distracted nuns and gathered them into sacks for his storehouse.

Authority—representing hierarchic principles—took a serious view of these foibles. It held that the Devil had despatched three lesser D's to be the damnation of nuns, and these lesser D's were no other than Dances, Dresses and Dogs. Dancing in these early days was a veritable passion that besieged the churches and the graveyards. Dress and vanity are indicated by Chaucer in his Prioress when he speaks of her forehead as being "almost a spanne broad, I trowe," as ladies were accustomed to shave their foreheads to obtain these aristocratic effects, the nuns were inclined to lift their headdress so as to show themselves equally fashionable. Dogs were a passion also among medieval ladies and there are frequent prohibitions against their entrance into the church at the hours of the services. One archbishop forbids an abbess whom he visited to keep "monkeys and a number of dogs" in her chamber, and William of Wykeham, in 1387, speaks of nuns who "bring with them to church birds, rabbits, hounds and such like frivolous things, whereunto they give more heed than to the office of the church, with frequent hindrance to their own psalmody and to that of their sister nuns and to the grievous peril of their souls."

There were frivolities such as these, rather than serious offenses, which the convent-reformers of the later fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries felt themselves called upon to regulate.

T. W.

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